New Republic

FEBRUARY 21, 1949

WILL THE ATLANTIC PACT SAVE PEACE?

By BLAIR BOLLES

★

THE MEN WHO RULE RED CHINA

By WALTER L. BRIGGS

★

POLITICS IN BRITISH UNIONS

By JACK WINOCOUR

★

THE FAIR DEAL FALTERS

AN EDITORIAL

5¢

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

ONE TOUCH of recession has changed the whole Washington climate. It affects all issues, transcends most. The Administration doesn't think recession is here yet but warns that it will surely come unless headed off. Conservatives say it is here now and secretly hail it as an excuse to scrap the President's "Fair Deal."

Truman's economic spokesmen, Keyserling and Clark, are speaking out boldly before the congressional joint economic committee. There is still time to set our house in order, they say. This is not *the* slump; it is a farm slump. Inflated *industrial* prices are not going down with farm prices; they are actually soaring higher. They deny either that the cost of living has gone down much, or that unemployment has gone up much—yet. But, they say, failure to meet flagrant present maladjustments will certainly produce the slump in time. Furthermore, a scare psychology could produce it at once. But if we take reasonable corrective measures, such as curbing excess profits and equalizing the distribution of national income, they see no good reason for any slump at all.

The conservative view is that inflation "is over," and this is the time to drop the anti-inflation nonsense about higher taxes. Drop all controls. Scrap social experiments. Some unemployment might teach labor a lesson. This view magnifies "falling" living costs (actually only two percent less than their peak, and higher now than a year ago) and alleged declines in employment (actually higher now than a year ago, though seasonally down 700,000 from its peak).

Significantly, the ablest spokesmen for the two rival sides agree that if a slump comes now, it won't be a major crash because of the huge federal expenditures and the unsatisfied consumer demand. In general, they believe, developments should help the passage of the Truman foreign-aid bills (bolstering home economy), and make passage more difficult for the Truman tax, fiscal and control legislation.

Fifteen weeks after the big election victory, Truman's congressional program is hardly off the ground. Failing action to curb the filibuster, civil-rights legislation is stymied. Taft-Hartley repeal is held up again. Nothing has emerged yet on housing. Economic controls seem unlikely.

Granted that Congress is always slow-moving, there are special, self-defeating mechanisms at work today to block a liberal victory and thwart the will of voters. Truman's election demand for higher corporate taxes is typical. It goes to Chairman George in the Senate and Chairman Doughton in the House. One is 71, the other 85; both are Southern conservatives who got their posts by seniority. George is exactly the type of reactionary against whom the voters rebelled. Yet under the close Senate division, he might block the tax bill for keeps.

ECA Administrator Hoffman complains that the iron-clad ban written into the ECA law against employing a person who has ever been a member of, or connected with, any of the subversive organizations listed by the Justice Department, is a serious handicap. Men whose names appeared on letter heads of certain pro-Soviet organizations five, ten or fifteen years ago can't be hired. Hoffman says this prevents him from employing a dozen key men he needs. He explains that Congress wrote this prohibition for ECA, leaving him no discretion.

Two juxtapositions: 1. Newspaper headline: "1948 Corporate Profits Are

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Up 15 Percent Over Previous Record." Keyserling's testimony to Congress: "Clearly more than a fifth and possibly a fourth of the families in the country do not have sufficient income to maintain what has been defined as a reasonably adequate living standard." 2. New York *Times* financial-page headline, column 8, February 9: "Commodities Fall In Selling Wave." Same paper, same page, same day, column 1: "American Woolen Maintains Prices: List On Men's Wear Fall Lines Dashes All Hopes For New Drop In Clothing."

Notes. Federal Reserve Board staff and membership were unanimous in bringing anti-monopoly action against the Giannini West Coast empire. . . . Under normal conditions, the US coal industry produces more coal than can be used, and miners' "strike-holidays" help sustain prices. This year, the contract expires in May; there are big surplus stocks because of a mild winter in the East, and a strike is likely. . . . In Michigan, something resembling a Labor-Democratic party has emerged. Virtually all the Democratic candidates in the state spring election are CIO-backed, after the surprise victory of Young G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams as Governor in November.

Presidential authority to enjoin national emergency strikes is certain to be written into the new labor bill. . . . Will H. Davis, former War Labor Board head, gave the wisest and most understanding evidence of all witnesses heard on the new labor bill; Truman dismissed him curtly over a matter he later acknowledged was a misunderstanding—a tragedy for the Administration. . . . Before the official auto list prices are cut, consumers will benefit in three stages, Washington says: market prices of used cars will fall; makers will cut out compulsory accessories; trade-in allowances will rise —only then will prices on new cars drop. . . . Lack of steel-plant capacity worries Canada too; Ottawa now offers to lend steel concerns capital on a 50-50 dollar-for-dollar basis to expand production.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 120, NUMBER 8, ISSUE 1786, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 21, 1949 **New Republic**

THE FAIR DEAL FALTERS

MIDWAY in its second month, the 81st Congress of which so much is expected has done no better than the 80th. Not one major measure has yet come to the floor of the Senate. The House at last has organized itself to handle President Truman's program with reasonable dispatch. But the Senate has bogged down so completely that the whole Fair Deal program may be in danger.

Items one and two of the Administration's program in the Senate—repeal of Taft-Hartley and passage of an adequate housing bill—have become entangled in needless complications. Months will pass before any final action can be taken—and it seems almost certain to be unsatisfactory even then. The psychological advantage of the November 2 victory has already been dangerously frittered away in the Upper House. The coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats, which the election was thought to have weakened if not destroyed, is forming again, and with increasing strength day by day. Side deals to oppose drastic reform of T-H in return for help in blocking the civil-rights program have been renegotiated between the Dixiecrats and the Taft Republicans.

There is no control tower for the President's program in the Senate. There is no firm schedule of what legislation is to come up at what time. Beyond the action on Taft-Hartley, the present session stretches out planless and uncharted. The President has left responsibility for congressional action with the duly elected chiefs of the two Houses. He is not providing specific instructions on coördination. His regular Monday sessions with Senate Majority Leader Lucas (Ill.) and House Speaker Rayburn (Tex.) and their lieutenants are confined to a little very general talk about immediate legislation and a great deal of mutual reassurance.

A laissez-faire policy in the relations of a President to Congress has been outdated ever since the days of Teddy Roosevelt. The President must lead in legislation as surely as he does in executive matters. There can be no question about Truman's understanding of a President's duties in forming legislative policy. Yet, in his concern for tender congressional feelings, he is failing as a legislative leader.

Left to themselves, the Democratic heads of the Senate, which must break trail for the House, have floundered. As was to be expected, this off-hand system has produced an intolerable situation in the Senate. The well-meaning Majority Leader has neither the energy nor the ability to keep a firm rein on every pending matter. The Majority Whip, Francis Myers (Pa.), although energetic and able, is also comparatively new and rather timid about taking things into his own hands. Rule by majority caucus would be the proper solution of the dilemma.

Naturally, Senator Lucas is not urging such a substitute plan for leadership. Unfortunately, President Truman is not either. As a result, the Senate hearings on labor legislation have got completely out of hand. The Committee on Labor has been left to handle this delicate matter without supervision or assistance. The whole procedure has been extemporaneous.

Senators Murray (Mont.) and Pepper (Fla.), leading the battle for a new Truman labor bill, have had to contend with hostile witnesses from the Administration itself. The presentation of the so-called Administration case has been not only unorganized but contradictory.

For lack of leadership, housing legislation too is in dreadful confusion. In the opening days, the Administration label was placed on a poorly drawn, entirely inadequate bill which neither the White House nor the official Senate leadership had seen before its introduction. When the Republicans seized the advantage to introduce a housing bill much more progressive than the Administration's, the Democrats let pride and traditionalism keep them from changing to the kind of substitute bill that was needed.

The White House has now taken a belated interest in the housing muddle. The President has assigned Charles Murphy of his staff to work out an acceptable new bill. But hearings on the unfortunate original are already well advanced, and it will take strong leadership to build the necessary coalition behind a new measure.

In insisting on postponing consideration of the civil-rights program until the Southern votes have been

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garnered for other measures, the Administration maneuvered itself into another trap. The Republicans, by demanding immediate action on a so-called cloture-reform bill, have created the impression that they are the party pushing the President's civil-rights program and that the Democrats are against bringing it up. Actually, Democrats and Republicans are favoring the same meaningless plan: to perpetuate the two-thirds vote to terminate filibusters. Passage of such a rule will not give the Administration one whit more power to break filibusters than it already has.

The decision to continue operating under the present undemocratic cloture rules has never been discussed in a Senate Democratic caucus or Policy Committee meeting. It was a decision made by default, with the President again leaving to his top congressional leaders a decision which was properly his. They thought there was no chance of passing a bill to invoke cloture by simple majority vote. They were allowed to have it their way, although the fate of the Administration's civil-rights program in this Congress may greatly influence the party's fate in the next election.

The strong majority by which the House of Representatives has voted to extend the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act is most encouraging. By all signs, the Lower House is ready to play its part in the Fair Deal effectively. Majority Leader John McCormack (Mass.) and Speaker Sam Rayburn have their Southern colleagues properly on the defensive and have oiled the ancient machinery into reasonable working order. But the House, in the nature of our government, takes its lead from the Senate. Since only one-third of its members came up for reëlection last year, the Senate was only mildly shaken up after November.

On the basis of actual belief in his principles, however, Truman probably has a clear majority of Senators with him on every point in his program. His problem is one of operation. To gain the Senate approval which is required in order to turn his program into law, Truman must make a vast improvement in his staff work. It is essential to create strong White House liaison with Congress, to establish a traffic manager over legislative business so that some one person knows at every moment the status of every item, knows where and when presidential intervention is required, and sees that it is forthcoming.

But the quality of presidential leadership must develop in many other less definite ways as well. Sending a special message to Congress was in itself a dramatic method of leadership when Wilson was in office. FDR found other, more personal, ways to dramatize his office. Obviously Truman cannot keep Congress galvanized for action with methods dating back to pre-Wilson days.

"The presidency," as FDR said soon after his election, "is not merely an administrative office. That is the least of it. It is preëminently a place of moral leadership." To continue to trust the fate of his program to congressional leaders, however able, would be an evasion by Truman of this moral leadership.

THE WEEK

A QUESTION OF BALANCE

The sharp break in commodity prices, pushing many of them below parity support levels, has focused more than ordinary attention on the latest testimony by Leon Keyserling before a congressional committee. As vice-chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, Keyserling is naturally most interested in long-range trends, but he found the current price break upsetting. Farm prices were one of the six major economic areas specified in his report to Congress as currently afflicted with "maladjustments."

The others are: (1) the high level of corporate profits; (2) the continuing rise in prices of metal and metal products; (3) the drop in consumer expenditures; (4) the failure of some basic industries to expand productive capacity fast enough to provide full employment; and (5) the high cost of living.

Keyserling placed great emphasis on the cost-of-living index and its relation to income distribution. Since June, 1939, all living costs have risen 74 percent while food alone has risen 119 percent. The sharpest rise, of course, has been since June, 1946, when price controls were removed. A slight drop in living costs has occurred recently, but Keyserling said, "We have as yet no assurance that this slight downturn will be continued or augmented."

Such cost increases would not necessarily be upsetting to the economy if parallel family-income increases were spread through all levels of the population. Keyserling has found, however, that since 1946 a majority of families in the lowest income brackets "have either received no increases in dollar income or have actually suffered decreases." Thus the families less able to meet rising living costs have been further crippled by loss of purchasing dollars.

The danger, Keyserling said, is that

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such an economic maladjustment "may contribute ultimately to an inadequacy of consumer demand which might throw our whole economic machinery out of gear."

Even before the current farm-commodity price drop, the relation between farm and other prices was inequitable, in Keyserling's view. In 1946 the farmers' share of the total national income was 11.5 percent, but it dropped in both 1947 and 1948.

"Our objectives for agriculture should not be to let forces drive farm incomes still lower in relation to other incomes," Keyserling said, "but rather to bring the two into better balance." He recommended that there be less spread between what the consumer pays and the farmer gets, and control of prices of durable goods and the incomes of durable-goods producers to create a better balance with farm incomes and prices.

A MERRY TIME FOR TAFT

Union leaders were alarmed and dismayed as Senate Labor Committee hearings on a revived Wagner Act degenerated into a series of time-eating tactical maneuvers in which Republicans scored all the victories. Despite an eight-to-five Democratic committee majority, Senators Taft and Morse forced extension of hearings for two weeks, and it became evident that repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act could not possibly be completed before April or May. The question was whether Taft would not be proved correct in predicting that a new bill would repeal the name but retain much of the substance of the law.

One major difficulty was the obvious possibility that Southern Democrats would vote on the floor to retain major T-H provisions such as injunction powers and non-Communist affidavits. But in the face of this danger the Administration fumbled and played its cards badly.

Handicapped by the curious hesitations of Chairman Elbert D. Thomas, who had to be prodded toward swift action by Senators Murray and Pepper, President Truman's executive leaders fell into contradictions. Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin was caught flat-footed by a surprise opinion from Attorney General Tom Clark claiming "inherent" presidential powers to seek injunctions against strikes. Tobin himself, who asked abolition of non-Communist affidavits, suggested the more drastic step of flatly outlawing Communists as union officers—and Taft, who had halted President Truman's rash draft-strikers proposal in 1946, once again took the center of the stage to defend civil liberties.

The basis for bold Administration leadership against the hated injunction system was present in Cyrus S. Ching's report that the "national emergency" section of the Taft-Hartley Act was a failure. Ching, a Republican and a member of the NAM, reported as federal mediation director that injunctions, 80-day cool-offs and other emergency provisions of the law had prolonged labor disputes instead of settling them. Informed observers suspected that failure to capitalize on this report to its full extent was rooted in the White House's political fear that, if John L. Lewis should strike the coal mines next July, the President would be criticized for having abandoned statutory injunction powers.

To retrieve its errors, the Administration needs to recover the initiative. If it does not, Taft and his colleagues will have a merry time.

TEXAS TIDELANDS STRATEGY

AUSTIN (NR correspondent)

Texans trying to gain control of tidelands oil have decided on a new strategy. They are hoping to get 32 state legislatures to join in petitioning Congress for a convention to draft an amendment to the US Constitution.

The Texas senate has already whooped through a resolution asking Congress to call a convention to submit the following to the states as the 22nd Amendment:

> The powers of the United States for conducting United States relations with foreign nations shall not be extended to include matters of internal sovereignty. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of U.S. v. California, 332 U.S. 19, insofar as it announces the doctrine of paramount rights and dominion on the part of the United States as against the State of California, is hereby repudiated.

The amendment is carefully worded of course to avoid mention of either tidelands or oil so that oil lobbyists would have less trouble in slipping it through state legislatures which are in the habit of memorializing Congress on numerous subjects with little public debate.

If the necessary 32 legislatures did petition Congress and the draft amendment was adopted, then ratification by 36 legislatures would make it a part of the Constitution. This is the method that Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government has been using for years in its unsuccessful attempts to put over a 25-percent limit on personal income taxes. The Texans have adopted the strategy in the belief that President Truman's State of the Union message was convincing evidence he would veto any legislation that gives the tidelands back to the states. They are not over-optimistic about their plan's chances, but they're willing to try anything.

THE DOCTOR GETS A BILL

The American Medical Association's scheme to raise a $3.5 million war chest to defeat the national-health-insurance legislation in Congress has caused sharp controversy within the ranks of the organization. The crux of the disagreement is whether the $25 assessment placed on each of the 130,000 members is compulsory or voluntary.

Recent actions of local AMA chapters indicate that hundreds of physicians are not as violently opposed to national health insurance as Morris Fishbein, editor of the AMA *Journal*, and other top officials. When several hundred members of the Massachusetts State Medical Society, accustomed to sending out doctor's bills, *received* a bill for $25, they called a meeting to settle the rumor that those who refused would be expelled from AMA membership. After pointed questioning, an

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official of the society stated that the assessment is not obligatory. The New York Medical Society postponed a motion to levy the $25 fee until the March meeting. Members of the Brooklyn Medical Society refused to pay up until a referendum had been taken. State and county medical societies could vote to make the assessment mandatory.

Physicians are also being dunned by an AMA ally, the National Physicians Committee. The NPC, which spent $525,728 lobbying against health insurance during the 80th Congress, is asking doctors to make "Zero Hour" donations of from $25 to $500. Along with the contribution request, the NPC enclosed a letter from Dan Gilbert, a Christian Fronter of long standing. His arguments against health insurance followed such logic as "the medical czar in Washington would doubtless order a plowing under of babies." In his usual anti-Semitic vein, Gilbert addressed the letter to "Dear Christian American." The NPC distributed it indiscriminately throughout a profession notable for its high proportion of Jewish members.

Such tactics of the medical lobby were target for criticism by Representative Andrew J. Biemiller (D, Wis.) last week when he challenged the *Journal* of the AMA to "lift the iron curtain of censorship" and permit a fair presentation of both sides on the national-health-insurance issue. The legislative record of the AMA, he said, is largely one of "negativism, obstructionism, and do-nothingism." He called upon Editor Fishbein to open the pages of the *Journal* "so that the American doctor may find full and fair discussion of the pros and cons of this significant issue."

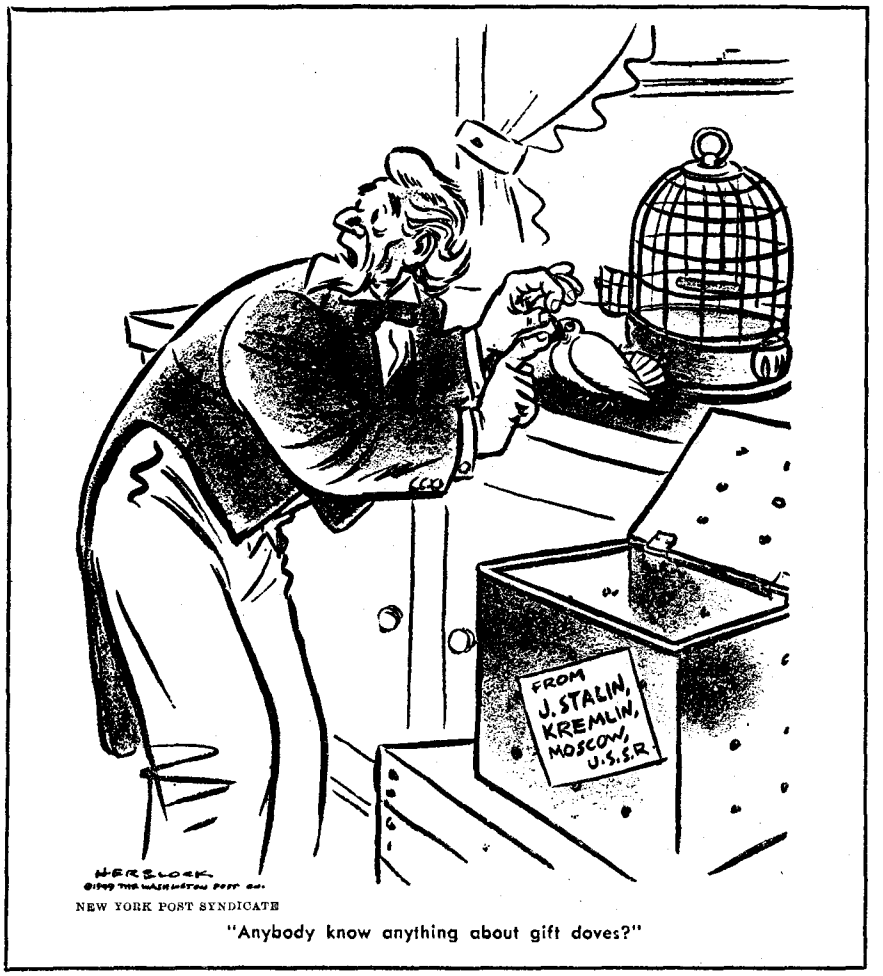
ABE LINCOLN IN FLATBUSH

The memory of Abraham Lincoln, enshrined forever in the hearts of the Republican National Committee, is not so green as it was. The Emancipator's name is now seldom used except in pious editorials and resolutions, from which all meaning is removed by the actions of the grand old party which honors Lincoln's principles by cynically collaborating with the heirs of Jeff Davis.

Yet all that Lincoln stood for has not been talked to death by Dixiecrat filibuster or starved out by Republican hypocrisy. The man from Illinois, who liked a wry joke as well as anyone, could find his proof of this today by turning from the *Congressional Record* to the sports pages. There he would see that owners of the major-league baseball teams are passionately attesting their devotion to the proposition that all men are created equal. Three years ago, it was solemnly believed by baseball men that if they put a Negro on the field with white men, the fans would tear up the seats to make shillelaghs and the white players would run the black man out of the park with bats or eviscerate him with their spikes.

Then Brooklyn bravely tested the prejudice with a colored athlete named Robinson. Nothing bad happened. Other Negro players were given a chance to prove that batting averages are not subject to the law of white supremacy. Now the majestic New York Yankees and the World Champion Cleveland club are publicly feuding over the contract of a Negro shortstop from Birmingham, Alabama, and the color line is gone from baseball with the rule that first bounce is out.

It may be that these victories are won not at Gettysburg but on the playing fields of Flatbush.



"Anybody know anything about gift doves?"

NEW FACES IN CONGRESS

The influence of Hugh B. Mitchell, the new Representative from Washington's First District, goes far beyond his immediate constituents. In neighboring Idaho and Montana, liberals look to him as one of their most effective crusaders for developing the potentially rich Northwest.

Mitchell's victory was a surprise. He ran against the advice of many

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Democrats who would have preferred a party regular. His Republican opponent, Homer Jones, had voted against the Taft-Hartley Act, a shrewd tactical move in a heavily unionized district; when Mitchell first announced his candidacy the AFL leader in the district said disgustedly, "What did the damn fool do that for?" Dave Beck, boss of the Teamsters, gave open backing to Jones.

Nevertheless, numerous liberal organizations rallied behind Mitchell. A special AFL labor committee for Mitchell was organized. CIO Regional Director Roy Atkinson raised $1,750 from the PAC. Americans for Democratic Action distributed a clever scorecard showing that Mitchell had a 100-percent progressive record when he was a member of the 79th Congress, while Jones was 80-percent reactionary in the 80th.

A soft-spoken, serious-appearing man of 41, Mitchell is not a colorful campaigner. He overcomes this by giving an impression of complete sincerity. He was appointed in 1944 to fill the remainder of Mon Wallgren's Senate term. In the Republican wave of 1946 he was defeated by Harry P. Cain, the real-estate men's friend, partly because Mitchell tried to stick to the issues and Cain spent most of his time Red-baiting.

A good deal of the inspiration that Mitchell provides for progressives throughout the Northwest stems from his articulate championship of the Columbia Valley Authority plan. He introduced the original CVA bill in 1945 and has led the fight for it with vigor and courage both inside and outside of Congress. Mitchell believes that the Columbia River floods which took sixty lives last June and contributed to the current power shortage in the area prove the need for a CVA in a region that contains nearly 50 percent of the nation's water-power potential. He is going to devote a good deal of his energies in the 81st Congress to this issue, with the chances of success much brighter than ever before. If things go right for him, he probably will run against Cain again in 1952.

OUTSIDE AMERICA

Hungary's Josef Cardinal Mindszenty was found guilty by a Budapest "star chamber" court of the "crime" of treason to the Communist government of Hungary. Judge Olthys said the prelate had become "a political leader" working for the return of the Hapsburg dynasty which was "the only hope for landowners, bankers and former owners of factories." The date was February 8, 1949.

Exactly 24 years before, in the same city, Matyas Rakosi, Communist Hungary's Vice Premier and the Kremlin's number-one man in Budapest, had been found guilty of the political crime of helping the Communist Bela Kun liquidate landowners, bankers and factory owners. And this wasn't the only anniversary. On the day the Cardinal was sentenced, Barrett McGurn reported to the New York *Herald Tribune* from Vatican City:

> The Pope made no direct remarks on the sentence, but in a talk to a group of nuns whose order was founded 100 years ago, he commented that the foundation of their society coincided "with the beginning of the fight of atheism against the faith." The reference apparently was to the proclamation of the Communist Manifesto in 1848.

The Manifesto was only one of the events of 1848. In the spring of that year—exactly one century before Cardinal Mindszenty was committing his "political crimes"—Pope Pius IX promulgated a Constitution for the Papal States, with a Parliament of two chambers. He thereby moved in the direction of the new liberalism that was sweeping Europe, departing from the attitude taken by Pope Benedict XVI in the encyclical, *Mirari vos,* of 1832. But the new liberalism led to Italian nationalism, and in November Pope Pius IX fled to Gaeta in the kingdom of Naples. On February 9, 1849—one day less than a century before the drumhead trial in Budapest—the Roman Republic was proclaimed.

By the time Pope Pius IX was able —with the help of French General Oudinot's troops—to reënter Rome and resume his rule over the papal dominions, he had changed his mind about the new liberalism: the government was entrusted to a commission appointed by himself. Then in December, 1864, he issued the encyclical, *Quanta cura,* and the famous Syllabus of Errors—the *Syllabus complectens praecipuos nostrae aetatis errores.* Of this, Carl Theodor Mirbut, former professor of Church history at the University of Marburg, has written:

> Pius claimed for the Church the control of all culture and all science, and of the whole educational system. He rejected the liberty of faith, conscience and worship enjoyed by other creeds; and bade an easy farewell to the idea of tolerance. He claimed the complete independence of the Church from state control; upheld the necessity of a continuance of the temporal power of the Roman See; and finally, in the last clause, declared that "the pontiff neither can be nor ought to be reconciled with progress, liberalism and modern civilization."

But liberalism returned to the Holy See in the person of Pope Leo XIII. In 1888 he issued the encyclical, *Libertas,* on the conditions of human liberty, and three years later the famous, *Rerum novarum,* which was widely described as "the social Magna Carta of Catholicism" and won for him the title of "the workingman's pope." The ideas of social justice contained in this document are the foundation of modern Catholic liberalism throughout the world. They were supported and developed in the present generation by the encyclicals, *Quadragesimo anno* and *Divini redemptoris.*

Pope Pius XI was the ruler of the Church when Communism began to spread from Russia, and he took a strong stand against it as the enemy of true liberalism. But though he

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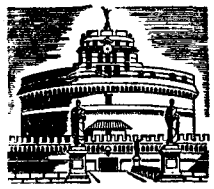
signed the Lateran Pact with Mussolini, and a concordat with Hitler, he became in the latter years of his pontificate a vigorous and uncompromising enemy of Nazi-Fascist neo-paganism and racialism.

When Pius XII ascended the papal throne, he pledged himself to carry out the double policy of his predecessor—on the one hand to work for liberalism and social justice as set forth in the *Rerum novarum,* and on the other hand to war implacably against pagan and atheistic totalitarianism. In recent years, especially in Western Europe, the Church under his guidance and through Catholic Action, has openly supported political parties which have the same aims such as the Christian Democrats in Italy and the Popular Republicans (MRP) in France.



And also in recent years, especially in Eastern Europe, it has become increasingly plain that in the century since the Manifesto of 1848, the Communists have made of their creed not only a weapon of anti-Catholicism but also a species of political religion. In every one of the Soviet satellite countries, the political aims of the Kremlin and the new Communist political religiosity are inextricably linked.

Thus the trial and condemnation of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty amounts to a battle in a new "war of religion" that began more than 100 years ago and is by no means finished.

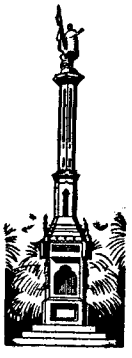
★

The Spain of Francisco Franco was a nation no self-respecting democracy could accept as a diplomatic equal. The UN said so in a stern resolution. The two top democracies, the US and Britain, made a gesture of condemnation of the Fascist Caudillo by withdrawing their ambassadors from Madrid. That was in 1946.

More than two years passed. A great deal of water ran through the Ebro—and also the Rhine, the Elbe and the Vistula. By the start of 1949 many men in the democracies, especially men in uniform, were saying that the reason for the quarrel with Franco had been washed away. Then, Britain's Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs, C. P. Mayhew, rose in the House of Commons to challenge such views. He said:

> The feeling throughout the world against the Franco regime is still deep, natural and intelligible. . . . It seems to me that, as an ally against Communism, Spain is an extremely doubtful asset. It would be fatal to regard the defense of Western democracy too much in military and strategic terms, and too little in terms of politics and moral principles. Defense of Western democracy implies maintenance of the integrity of Western democracy, and not merely military considerations about the Pyrenees, and so on.

Hence, said Mayhew, there was no question of Britain's welcoming Franco into the North Atlantic military-defense pact: the loftiness of the high principles was more important than the physical height of the Pyrenees. But this wasn't the end of Mayhew's statement: Britain, he added, was ready to resume "normal" diplomatic relations with Franco.



The line of reasoning seems to be: Franco is wicked. He can harm the West so much, morally, that he shouldn't be given any political advantages in exchange for the military advantages he is able, despite his wickedness, to give us. Hence we should give him an ambassador (a political advantage) but be sure not to let him into the North Atlantic pact (that is, give us a military advantage).

★

Portugal's Antonio de Oliveira Salazar is a rather odd kind of modern dictator. He never wears a uniform and hasn't any military title. He retains from the years when he was a professor at Coimbra a taste for peace and quiet; no vehicle is allowed to pass within a stone's throw of his house in Lisbon's Rua da Imprensa.

Salazar's "line" is the moral and economic. On the lovely *quintas* of the aristocrats at Cintra, and in such haunts of the rich businessmen as Lisbon's expensive Tavares restaurant, the dictator is called the good father who brought order to his people. Among high prelates of the Church, and in such fashionable intellectual clubs as the Eca de Queiroz, there's talk of the profound philosophizings that fill Salazar's many lonely hours.

Nevertheless, for some 20 years the dictator has been a two-by-four imitation of Mussolini in the things that count for the little people—the miserably poor peasants, workers and fisherfolk. He has ruled through a second-rate Fascist corporative police state, the *Estado Novo,* which he imposed on the country six weeks after Hitler came to power. He even has a tame chief-of-state, a carbon copy of Victor Emmanuel—a puppet president named Marshal Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona.

Labor unions and strikes were forbidden. An economist himself, Salazar used other reactionary economists, men like Daniel Viera Barbos and Correia de Barros, to maintain the conditions of the early nineteenth century. He didn't bother about the poverty and disease rampant in Lisbon's miserable Alfama quarter and in the dreadful slums of Oporto. The dispossessed were ignorant, illiterate and full of the fatalism of their folksongs; besides, the reactionary clergy kept them in order when the police didn't.

Salazar reached the peak of his power during the early part of the war. Neutrality paid well for the big men of the *Estado Novo;* they made handsome profits by trading with both sides. Even the little people were a little better off. But when the Nazis began to lose, some of the Portuguese intellectuals dared to speak up against Salazar; and when the wartime boom ended, the little people were desperate.

By last year, prices had more than doubled, wages gone up by less than

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half. At times, crowds of ragged people tried to disturb the dictator's quiet by noisy demonstrations about such vulgar matters as food and jobs. The police kept them out of stone's range of the house in the Rua de Imprensa. Then thousands were sent into exile on the Portuguese islands in the south Atlantic.

Nevertheless, there was a wave of strikes. And when neither Salazar's moralizings nor his police's clubbings and arrests seemed able to get the situation under control, he announced there would be free elections, the first in 22 years. Carmona, the 79-year-old puppet president, was to run against General José Mendes Ribeiro Norton de Mattos, an old-line politician of 81. It was to be a Tweedledum-Tweedledee affair.

But the old general fooled the dictator; he took the election seriously and campaigned with the slogan, "Freedom and democracy." There were plain signs that Norton de Mattos might actually be elected. So Salazar got to work with tactics that amounted to a morganatic marriage of Tammany corruption with Mussolinian *squadrismo*. He intimidated the rich by tall tales of the old general's "seditious" intentions; he frightened the well-off middle classes of the sardine country with the red herring of Communism; and he had hundreds of unruly intellectuals arrested. Nothing worked; the opposition continued to gain ground, and the date of the election, February 13, seemed to be likely to coincide with the beginning of the end of *Estado Novo*.

Then, on February 10, Norton de Mattos announced that he was withdrawing as a candidate because Salazar had refused to give him equal electoral privileges with Carmona. It wasn't the whole reason. Lieutenant Colonel Fernando dos Santos Costa, Salazar's War Minister, had announced that if a "revolutionary atmosphere" developed out of the campaign, "the army will have to say a word."

Apparently former Professor Salazar doesn't need a uniform or a military title to ensure his peace and quiet.

P. W.

WILL THE PACT SAVE PEACE?

Behind the plan for a North Atlantic entente lies a long story of tragic failure to halt war this way

by Blair Bolles

The North Atlantic pact, which involves one of the most fateful decisions in American history, is being discussed in a series of articles in the New Republic. Last week Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, noted British military expert, analyzed the defensibility of Western Europe, and in an editorial we gave our reasons for believing that the North Atlantic pact deserves support.

The article below, by Blair Bolles, offering an argument against the plan, is published for its intrinsic interest. The author is director of the Washington Bureau of the Foreign Policy Association and a well-known specialist in the field of international relations. — THE EDITORS

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY diplomatic boneyard is littered with dead defense treaties that failed in their purpose. They did not prevent the outbreak of war and, once war came, they did not always ensure victory. The Triple Alliance, the Locarno Pact, and Hitler's mutual-assistance treaties were all slaughtered by gunfire along with the Entente of Britain, France and Russia of pre-World War I and the guarantee of military support that Britain gave Poland on the eve of World War II.

Ignoring that disappointing record, President Truman is now recommending American participation in a North Atlantic defense pact, on the grounds that its existence might prevent an armed attack endangering our national security from ever taking place.

Such a treaty has great superficial attractions. Its supporters, like the drafters of previous defense pacts, assume that the show of inter-country solidarity will smother the aggressive tendencies of Soviet Russia. But the inevitable consequence of this kind of treaty-making is to provoke the other side to make treaties of its own. The Triple Alliance was the direct cause of France and Russia making their military convention in 1894. And the psychology of nations today is as it was 50 years ago. Nobody keeps the peace by an alliance race. Alliances simply inflate suspicion.

While past alliances have not staved off war, they sometimes have been useful in war when the pacts creating them called on the signers to give armed help at once to a partner when attacked. France supported Russia in 1914, and Britain declared war when Hitler attacked Poland in 1939. On the other hand, Italy not only ignored the Triple Alliance when World War I broke out, but joined the enemies of the Triple Alliance in 1915. Some pacts simply fade away like the treaties France signed with the Little Entente powers during the 1920's; either they represent no enduring common interest or they do not create the stability in international relationships that their sponsors seek.

The negotiation for the North Atlantic defense pact is the most questionable piece of unfinished business that Secretary of State Dean Acheson inherited from George Marshall. Although Marshall has gone, the Administration is committed to it. President Truman espoused it both in his Budget Message and his Inaugural Address, where he announced his intention to "provide unmistakable proof of the joint determination of the free countries to resist armed attack from any quarter." Determination to resist attack is the basis on which the defense pacts of history have usually rested.

An apparently irreconcilable conflict between the powers of Congress and the wishes of Europeans blighted the

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conversations aimed at the creation of the new alliance which opened at the State Department on December 10 among Robert A. Lovett, then Undersecretary of State, and representatives of Canada and the signers of the Brussels Treaty of last March 17—Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. These negotiations are still far from their end. The Europeans want an absolute guarantee that America will go to war the moment any of them is attacked. But since the Constitution authorizes Congress alone to declare war, leading Senators have advised the State Department that they will not stand for an automatic guarantee. We can give Europe assurances of interest but no promise to fight.

A series of deeper questions overshadows that practical difficulty. Considering the inability of America to go to war automatically, does the prospective treaty's capacity for exciting the Soviet Union to countermeasures exceed its ability to strengthen the West to resist the Soviet Union? Can it bind us to support of reactionary colonialism which strengthens the Soviet's appeal? Since the Dutch would surely be our colleague in the treaty, one may ask whether we would be urged to go to war to save the Dutch from the consequences of some imperialistic stupidity like their attack on the Indonesian Republic. One may ask also whether the draft articles would be fatal for the United Nations, although they are rich in references to that institution. Above all, would the treaty make the cold war a permanent feature of world politics, by creating an insuperable barrier to the eventual establishment of East-West tolerance?

The outline treaty which Lovett handed on to Acheson has a novel feature missing from the useless defense treaties of the past. Following the wartime pattern set by Britain and America in the Combined Chiefs of Staff Committee and adopted by the Brussels treaty powers in their Chiefs of Staff Committee, the treaty would set up a small bureaucracy of international committees, through which the allies could make political and military plans against every conceivable eventuality and adjust themselves jointly to day-to-day developments in international relations. Thus the treaty not only calls upon the signers to support one another in emergencies but to cooperate intimately with one another in peace and war. It implies economic as well as military coöperation, for no chiefs of staff can plan a war without planning the use of the resources available to them.

The treaty is modeled also after the Inter-American Defense Pact signed at Rio de Janeiro in September, 1947. That treaty has a look of strength and the quality of weakness. It provides that "an armed attack by any state against an American state shall be considered an attack against all the American states"—a thesis taken over wholesale for the North Atlantic alliance. Yet no signatory of the Rio pact is required to use armed force without the consent of its national legislature, although the treaty states that decisions reached by two-thirds of the members concerning any breach of the peace are binding. The Rio pact requires its signers to consult, and no more.

Like both the Rio and the Brussels treaties, the text of the pending pact states that the alliance depends on the United Nations for its existence. As a regional treaty, its framers invoke Articles 51 and 52 of the UN Charter which authorize member nations to make regional arrangements and set up regional agencies and to defend themselves *collectively* if attacked. Article 51 exists in the Charter because the United States delegation to the San Francisco Conference in 1945 put it there. Their thoughts dwelt then on the American republics.

But last June in a speech to the Senate, Arthur H. Vandenberg, recommending a regional pact, complained that we had been "too often stranded on the veto rocks" of the United Nations. If the alliance is intended to circumvent the veto power in the Security Council, its sponsors cannot be taking seriously the requirement of the Charter that members of regional alliances clear their actions and decisions with the Security Council. Actually the Charter makes the old-fashioned defense alliance futile, since, to quote the State Department as of 1945, "no enforcement action may be taken under regional arrangements without specific authorization of the Security Council." The alliance can operate only by defining the powers of the UN to suit itself.

The treaty differs from its predecessors also in that it encourages standardization of the weapons of the alliance members and provides for the distribution of arms to the members at American expense. Thus it embodies features of lend-lease and the Marshall Plan. A number of Western European countries have asked America for weapons during the past year on the ground that inadequate military strength prevents the development of the sense of national confidence which encourages investors to put money into capital enterprise and thus get on with the Marshall Plan. Some of these requests, as that of the Norwegians, are certainly sincere.

Yet this military effort to make the Marshall Plan work might harm the plan unless the Administration can control the American economy more strictly than it does now. America lacks material to equip her own armed forces at authorized strength. Despite its hullabaloo over the need for an air force of 70 groups, the Air Department is able to arm adequately only 34 of the 55 groups that now comprise it. The need for steel in peacetime industries is so much greater than present production that President Truman, in his message on the State of the Union, threatened the industry with his plan to have the federal government set up steel mills. Congressional approval of the St. Lawrence Seaway agreement and construction of the power plant at International Falls would enable Canada to manufacture some arms for Europe. But the plant would not go into operation for five years.

The scarcity of arms gives the European governments with whom the United States has been negotiating the

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character of heirs to a moderately wealthy man. Each heir hopes the beneficiaries of the legacy will be limited in number. If there is not going to be a mountain of weapons, the Brussels-pact powers want what is available for themselves alone. This again produces conflict. The United States is said to want the membership of the alliance to be wide, to embrace, now at least, the Scandinavian powers (including Iceland, and probably excluding Finland) and Portugal, and perhaps in time to extend over the whole of non-Soviet Europe, taking in Yugoslavia, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Spain (if this can be wangled over the sensibilities of France and the British Labor Party), and Western Germany, besides the countries which have signed the Brussels pact.

To dissuade Norway, Denmark and Sweden from organizing their own regional alliance separate from the North Atlantic pact, the State Department has announced that non-members of the Atlantic alliance will not receive arms. But Washington has been giving planes, tanks, machine guns and artillery for two years to Greece and Turkey without benefit of alliance, and the conclusion of the North Atlantic pact, if it ever is concluded, would not mean cutting off Greeks and Turks without another bullet. Those who get the weapons may be asked to give up bases in return, but at the moment we have rights in Portuguese bases, while we have not given Portugal arms for the privilege. If America assumed an obligation to furnish every member of the alliance with arms by signing the pact, she could not live up to it. At that point we would have given the Soviet Union justification for the complaint that it was being encircled, without having strengthened ourselves to cope with the policies the USSR might adopt in reprisal.

The belief that the United States should ally itself in a military treaty with Western European powers is a hangover from the war scare last winter and spring which led to the demand for a permanent universal-military-service program, a draft act, and big appropriations for the Defense Department. President Truman's new budget, limiting the military agencies to $15 billion, has signaled the end of the hysterical period during which Washington seemed to believe that national military power provided the main assurance of national survival. Having rejected that notion at home, we seem to be proffering it abroad.

The Administration began to think seriously of the pact after the Communist coup d'état in Czechoslovakia at the end of last February. Bernard Baruch and John Foster Dulles had proposed such a treaty during the early days of the congressional hearings on the Marshall Plan, and the State Department publicly expressed interest when Ernest Bevin told the House of Commons that the British government intended to negotiate a defense alliance with the Benelux powers and France. That negotiation for a 50-year compact led to the signing of the Brussels Treaty on March 17, the same day President Truman addressed Congress and asked for a peacetime draft in order to give America what Secretary Marshall called a "military posture." Noting the action in Brussels, the President said:

> This development deserves our full support. I am confident that the United States will, by appropriate means, extend to the free nations the support which the situation requires. I am sure that the determination of the free countries of Europe to protect themselves will be matched by an equal determination on our part to help them do so.

The pact thereupon became a dead subject for President Truman until his budget message of last January 10. All others directly concerned with the treaty idea have maintained an attitude of secrecy, with the result that the American public is uninformed and confused about one of the most momentous undertakings in foreign policy which a President and a State Department have ever seriously entertained.

Inspired stories about the pact appeared in a few large papers between March, 1948, and January, 1949. They served only to befog the issue. Those who read the stories grew bored with the subject before it came to a boil, and those who did not read them have not been stirred to excited interest by the State Department's one comprehensive statement on the subject, issued less than a week before the Inaugural Address.

A good deal of activity has taken place behind that screen of secrecy, for which the American government is not primarily responsible. Secretary Marshall in the middle of last spring recommended to Senator Vandenberg and his colleagues on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that they push through the Senate a resolution encouraging the Administration to negotiate a regional-defense treaty. From the suggestion was born the Vandenberg Resolution, which the Senate passed on June 11 by 64 to 4. The Administration took that vote as America's repudiation of her traditional opposition to balance of power arrangements, but the statements during the debate on the resolution by even the most ardent advocates of regionalism and anti-Sovietism, including Senator Vandenberg, hardly bear such interpretation.

Vandenberg told the Senate that a pact negotiated under the prod of his resolution would not "step outside the final authority of Congress" to declare war. And Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (R, Mass.) said that "the purpose of the resolution is to show that we are in sympathy with the broad trend of strengthening the freedom-loving countries, but it does not commit us to anything definite."

Despite that vagueness, the State Department after June 11 arranged for conversations with Canada and the Brussels powers about ways and means of creating an Atlantic alliance. The Defense Department assigned an observer to the military committee of the Brussels powers, and early in the summer the observer, Major General Lyman L. Lemnitzer, became an active participant in the committee's discussions. After those preliminaries, the serious negotiations began on December 10. On January 14 the State De-

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partment admitted the public to the secret with a long argument about the desirability of the pact.

Assuming that the need for armaments in Western Europe is real, the United States could choose between two courses each of which would more effectively keep the peace than a treaty of regional defense, especially a treaty which cannot guarantee American action at the moment a treaty member is imperiled. The heart of the security problem is to find a policy which will enhance security and at the same time provoke the least possible counterpressure which endangers security. The conclusion of a North Atlantic pact would at once invite the Soviet Union to establish a competing system, probably including China if a Communist government becomes supreme there.

The first alternate course is to distribute weapons from America to individual countries after making agreements for the standardization of arms and after broadening the existing Anglo-American Combined Chiefs of Staff Committee to include representatives of all the arms recipients. That would strengthen our friends militarily and enable the friendly Western powers to consult continuously about military problems without formally creating an impervious bloc that would barricade future progress toward the resumption of worldwide coöperation. It substantially safeguards the purpose of the pact without burdening the West with the weaknesses of the pact.

The second alternate course is to negotiate a pact which provides for universal membership, following the recommendation of Hamilton Fish Armstrong, editor of *Foreign Affairs*. A pact of limited membership would be in effect only an extension of the Truman Doctrine. But a wider instrument would lose the character of a political weapon aimed at some portion of the world. It would stand instead as the foundation for the system of worldwide peace enforcement which the authors of the United Nations Charter intended to create but which they have never been able to achieve.

POLITICS IN BRITISH UNIONS

Unlike their brothers in Western Europe, the workers of Britain look coldly on the Communists and may purge them

by Jack Winocour

LONDON

With the cumbersome motions of the elderly cart-horse cartooned by David Low to symbolize British trade unionism's conservatism, the Trades Union Congress (TUC), governing body of the economic wing of the British working-class movement, is taking steps to eject the Communists in its midst. This is no heresy-hunting purge, but an inevitable result of the Communist minority's inability to march in step with the majority of Britain's workers.

The British CP's honeymoon with the Labor Government came to an end more than a year ago. Nuptial bliss, in fact, lasted for only a few months after the 1945 election in which the Communists increased their parliamentary representation by 100 percent. (They now have two MP's out of 640.)

For a time, the Communists supported the new government's domestic policy, despite their early disillusionment with Ernest Bevin's career at the Foreign Office. They took their first overt act against the government about two years ago when they organized the movement of homeless squatters into empty barracks and still requisitioned luxury apartments. Prodded by direct action, local authorities soon provided the temporary relief which public opinion demanded, while the Communists themselves were deterred by a legal prosecution from continuing their agitation. And the radical improvement in the housing situation over the past two years (houses are being built at a higher annual rate than before the war in spite of shortages of material) stopped further CP demagogy.

This is the final article in the series on Communism and Western European labor.

The Communists marked time. In the mines and factories they were still the most vociferous advocates of higher production, a role into which they had somersaulted in June, 1941. True, as the nationalization program developed, they criticized the government's compensation policy for stockholders, but the alternative of revolutionary expropriation was hardly practical politics.

It was not until the Soviet Union made known its opposition to American aid to Europe in 1947 that the British Communist Party found itself once again in its customary solitude. Harry Pollitt went back into action. He is a tough, hard-bitten professional; a former boilermaker who, as general secretary, has been titular chieftain of the British CP for more than 20 years, except for a brief visit to the doghouse between September, 1939, and June, 1941, for supporting the "imperialist war."

At present British Communists are engaged in a frontal assault on the government, which they savagely attack as a "reactionary right-wing Labor conspiracy to enslave the British working class to American imperialism and lead it into war against the USSR." CP membership is estimated to be about 40,000, a decline of one-third since the peak period in 1943, after the victory at Stalingrad.

While its parliamentary representation is made up of William Gallacher, a Scot from the Fifeshire coalfields, and Phil Piratin, a Londoner from the East End, there are probably a dozen other MP's in the House of Commons who closely follow the party line. These include the well-known King's Counsel, D. N. Pritt, and a junior barrister, John Platts-Mills, who was recently expelled from

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the Labor Party for sponsoring a telegram of support to the pro-Communist wing of Italian socialism. In all, perhaps some 20 members of the present House of Commons might follow the Communist line, but CP influence on the great Labor majority is negligible. The independent "Keep Left" group, as far as it still maintains a tenuous existence, will have nothing to do with them.

Outside of Parliament, the party maintains a lively newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, which recently changed from tabloid-size to a four-page sheet of the dimensions of the conservative *Daily Mail*. The resemblance does not end there. Both newspapers, unlike most British newspapers, run their editorials on the first page; both invariably slant their news to the disadvantage of the Attlee Administration. The *Daily Worker's* circulation is about 100,000, but its editors hope for a substantial increase when circulation restrictions are removed. To avoid legal identification with the CP, the *Daily Worker* is ostensibly owned by a coöperative. However, William Rust, an old-line Communist, held the post of editor from the day the newspaper was first issued until his death several weeks ago. His intimates said he had an unerring intuition for the latest temblor in the Politburo; and it isn't likely that his successor will be insensitive to political impressions on the Kremlin wave length.

Apart from the hard core of professionals such as Pollitt, Gallacher, J. R. Campbell and R. Palme Dutt, the Anglo-Indian ideologue of the movement, the CP has been able to attract and hold a number of leading figures either as party members or as closely associated fellow travelers. Among these are the Dean of Canterbury, Professor J. B. S. Haldane and the Irish playwright, Sean O'Casey, all of whom are frequent contributors to the *Daily Worker*.

But the CP has lost heavily on the intellectual front during the past few years. Before the war, it could claim a large number of members and sympathizers among the undergraduate bodies at Oxford, Cambridge, London and many of the smaller provincial universities. Communist students have now shrunk to a tiny minority. There was a time when not a few of the leading London book publishers—including the sprightly Victor Gollancz, who launched the Left Book Club with more than 100,000 subscribers—found a profitable market for Marxist literature. Gollancz is now a leading advocate of the German renaissance, a pillar of the evangelical Christian Action movement, and *persona* very much *non grata* with his former CP friends.

Parlor Communism, an outstanding phenomenon in British social life during the frightened thirties, has almost completely disappeared. Unemployed intellectuals have found cozy berths in the British Broadcasting Corporation, the film business, or in the public-relations departments of the new nationalized industries. Some of them may have retained their earlier enthusiasm for the Communist creed, but the majority are older, more tired, and too preoccupied by the cares of raising a family.

The British CP bases its present campaign against the Labor Government on mounting discontent against the increasing cost of living at home and fear of war abroad. There are, however, no indications that it is making any headway. In the municipal elections early in 1948, many Communist local councillors lost their seats. In the Gorbals by-election last fall, when abominable housing conditions and local unemployment were issues, a strong Communist candidate was at the bottom of the poll.

British Communists long have realized that not for them are the impressive parliamentary delegations which their comrades in France and Italy have managed to obtain. The Labor Party is too strong and too consolidated. In the face of its decision last year to disallow future applications for group membership, the CP has given up its annual attempt to affiliate. While infiltration continues locally, the rigid overlordship of

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Labor headquarters at Transport House makes it almost impossible for a Communist to be adopted as a parliamentary candidate. The fellow travelers elected in 1945, when few questions were asked, will have difficulty in winning renomination for the next general election.

On the other hand, it has been less difficult for them to get a foothold in the looser Coöperative Party organization, which is based on consumer membership. The Co-op Sunday newspaper, *Reynolds News*, has often reflected the CP line. Although Co-op leaders like A. V. Alexander, Minister for Defense, and Alfred Barnes, Minister of Transport, are on the warpath against CP intruders, their influence is likely to diminish.

For some time, the CP has concentrated its efforts on the vast British trade-union movement which, with a present membership of more than eight million, is at the apex of its power and authority; and it has won successes in the unions as a result of the strenuous activity of a group of talented industrial leaders. As long as the Communists in the TUC movement were prepared to support the government's higher production program, their colleagues were content to let things alone. Men like Arthur Horner, general secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers, had helped to sell the new National Coal Board to restless pitworkers and had been morale-builders in Britain's unhappiest industry. But throughout a stormy career Horner had never concealed that he was a Communist first, last and all the time.

Marshall Plan aid put the industrial wing of British Communism on the spot. Accepting the Cominform thesis that it was an imperialist conspiracy to chain Western Europe to the American war-machine, the TUC Communists could no longer champion increases in production. Their accent shifted to a demand for higher wages and a bigger share in the profits of industry, while they began to show their sympathies for their fellow workers abroad more openly.

A few months before, Horner had endorsed a right-wing miners' candidate in a by-election in which there was also a CP contender. Now he showed his hand by attending a conference of the French Communist-controlled CGT and supporting the recent French miners' strike. His two lieutenants in the Scottish and Welsh minefields, Abe Moffatt and Alf Davies, followed suit by getting their membership to pass resolutions of support. The Scots actually voted $4,000 by way of relief to the French strikers, and Sir Stafford Cripps allowed the money through the tight British currency barriers on compassionate grounds. On his return to London, Horner was gagged by Miners' President Will Lawther and the anti-Communist majority on the NUM executive. Then the TUC itself began to swing into action against the Communists, on the theory that to continue to tolerate their presence and activities in the unions would be to jeopardize the prospects of British recovery.

The Communists, nevertheless, are well-imbedded in the structure of British trade unionism. Besides Horner, the TUC will have to face A. F. Papworth, a member of its own general council and a high-ranking official of the Transport and General Workers, the biggest union in the country, which has eight Communists out of 33 members on its national executive. There are also F. Foulkes and W. C. Stevens, president and secretary respectively of the Electrical Trades Union; J. Gardner, secretary of the Foundry Workers Union; and Wal Hannington, national organizer of the Amalgamated Engineering Union. Communist leadership is strong in the Tailor and Garment Makers Union, the Fire Brigade Union, the Post Office Engineering Union and the Civil Service Clerical Association.

Some of these men are comparative newcomers to the CP, but Horner, Hannington and Papworth have long records of activity. Horner organized the miners of Mardy in South Wales into a near-Soviet immediately after the First World War. He has been in jail four times. He fought with the Irish Citizen Army. His daughters are named Voltarina, Rosa and Joan, after revolutionary heroines of Italy, Germany and France. He opposed the first war, and he has said quite bluntly: "If there is any possibility of war with Russia, the coal fields would stop."

Hannington organized the unemployed in the thirties, led the hunger marchers on London, and inspired the famous "stunts" in which the CP engaged before the last war to gain sympathy and publicity. These included the invasion of the Ritz Hotel, a lie-down demonstration in London's busy shopping center of Oxford Street, and a series of mock funerals. He has been in jail six times. Both Horner and Hannington are in their early fifties. If the British CP swings finally to the ultra-left, their present positions of authority and their die-hard revolutionary background would be a tough combination for the TUC to face.

All indications point to an early showdown. The TUC may reintroduce its "black circular," which until the post-Stalingrad year of 1943 barred Communists from membership of local trade councils. It is likely to lead a drive for ouster of the Communists at forthcoming union elections. In the past, the Communists have benefited from minority fraction tactics at union meetings and have passed resolutions and elected officials because of the passivity and apathy of most union members.

On its side, the CP won't go quietly. It has initiated a new series of stunt demonstrations, which include disturbances at Territorial Army recruitment rallies and breaking up cabinet ministers' meetings. Among the sufferers has been Emanuel Shinwell, now Minister for War, whom it supported strongly when he was Minister of Fuel and Power. Shinwell is well to the Left of many of his colleagues, but for the CP in its present frame of mind any member of the government is a "reactionary warmonger."

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THREE WHO RULE RED CHINA

A lifelong revolutionist, a soldier and a diplomat who read Marx have made a Communism that may not be Moscow's

by Walter L. Briggs

NANKING

IN 1921 a Hunanese peasant's son, named Mao Tse-tung, joined with 11 other men in Shanghai to organize the Chinese Communist Party. Chu Teh was a successful politician and army commander in Kunming; Chou En-lai, a member of a North China family of scholars, was reading Marx in Paris.

Today Mao is chairman of the Communist Party; Chu Teh, commander of the Chinese Red Army; Chou, party chairman and chief diplomat. Together, they are the potential leadership of the country with the largest population in the world, the guides of one-fifth of humanity. Complete victory is within their grasp over Acting President Li Tsung-jen's Nationalist Government. Chiang Kai-shek may call for resistance in South China and on Taiwan (Formosa). A few warlords may hold out. But the Red Army is strong enough to crush them easily.

The Communists are fashioning a "democratic coalition government," but whatever the name of the new regime for China's 450 millions, Mao, Chu and Chou will be the masters as they have been for years of Communist China. In addition, their success will stimulate social revolution in Southeast Asia, feeding the flames already burning in Indo-China, Burma, Malaya and Indonesia.

Mao's writings have made him a kind of Chinese Lenin. Revolutionary leaders in Southeast Asia quote his "The New Democracy" and study his career. Chou, 50 years old, is the youngest of the triumvirate; Chu, 62, the oldest. Chou is built like a lightweight boxer. Unlike Mao and Chu, he speaks English and other Western languages. He has charm, and gets along well with most persons he meets. General George C. Marshall, for example, took to him during the mediation mission here. Of all Communist leaders, Chou is most Western, and thinks most highly of the Western democracies.

As a youth, he attended Nankai, a national university in Tientsin. He served a year in jail for radical student activities, then married a fellow student who is now an important member of the party. Later he helped organize a Chinese Communist Party in Paris and participated in Chinese students' political activities in England and Germany.

In 1924 Chou came home to China and joined Sun Yat-sen in Canton. He quickly became a power in the Kuomintang and a confidant of Galen, the Russian military adviser. But because of his popularity with radical students at Whampoa Military Academy, he fell out of favor with Chiang Kai-shek, at that time the school's commandant.

MAO TSE-TUNG

After he helped to organize the uprising of Shanghai workers in 1927, he was captured when Chiang turned on the Communists and killed thousands of them. He escaped, remained underground until 1931, then got into Kiangsi and Fukien Provinces in South China, where Mao had set up small Soviet regimes. Soon named political commissar to Chu Teh, already commander of the Red Army, he was among the leaders of the 6,000-mile "Long March" which, beginning in late 1934, in one year took the Communists, fighting almost every day, through 12 provinces to Shensi in the Northwest. On instructions from Moscow, Chou interceded for Chiang after his kidnaping in Sian in December, 1936, persuading Chiang Hsueh-liang, the "Young Marshal" of Manchuria, to release Chiang in order to facilitate united resistance against Japan. Thereafter, Chou represented the Communists with Chiang's government in Nanking, Hankow and finally Chungking.

Chou may become foreign minister of the new regime. Or, if the present type of constitutional system is maintained, he may become premier alongside a "puppet" president such as Li Tsung-jen or Li Chi-shen, the aged Kwangsi revolutionary.

Less is known about Chu because he has spent most of his Communist years on the battlefronts. He is of a rich Szechwan landlord family. His name means "red virtue." He became a soldier early in life. As a brigadier general, he led his troops victoriously in the 1916 campaign against Yuan Shih-kai. Then he settled down to a life of indulgence.

But he had one "failing." As Edgar Snow says in *Red Star Over China* (still the best book on the Communists), his fondness for reading was his "downfall." Through books, Chu woke to the problems besetting China. He broke himself of the opium habit by pacing the decks of a ship

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DRAWINGS BY STEFANELLI

CHOU EN-LAI AND CHU TEH

on which the drug was unavailable. After joining the Kuomintang revolutionary movement in Shanghai, he studied Marxism in Germany, France and Russia.

In 1925 Chu returned to China to enter the Kuomintang army. In 1927 he refused to obey orders to suppress the left-wing uprising in Nanchang. Instead, he went over to the rebels. At the first Soviet Congress, in 1931, he was unanimously elected commander-in-chief, a post which he has never relinquished and which he probably will retain under the forthcoming government.

Mao, head of the Chinese Politburo, military council and five-man secretariat, began working in the fields at the age of six. His father beat him, his teacher was severe, and he twice ran away from home. After a short period of service in an army formed to rid China of the Manchu Dynasty, he made a Changsha library his schoolroom. He read Chinese translations of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and Rousseau, belles lettres, history and geography. He attended a normal school for five years, and started an informal club to discuss "patriotic work."

Then he went to Peiping where he became assistant librarian at Peita (Peking National University). He fell in love with the daughter of a teacher friend. At 14, Mao's parents had married him off, as was Chinese custom, but he had nothing to do with the girl; and in 1920 married his Peiping sweetheart. She and several of his relatives were killed in 1930 by one of Chiang's generals. Mao is now married to a former Shanghai movie actress.

On returning to Hunan, Mao set out to improve the lot of the province's peasantry. (To this day, he regards China's millions of farmers as the backbone of the social revolution.) He organized soviets despite the opposition of the Comintern, which wanted decisive direct action. He instigated the "autumn crop uprising" and was dismissed from the Politburo and other Communist bodies. Nevertheless, Mao continued to organize soviets in the Hunan-Kiangsi-Kwangtung border area.

Mao's forces defended themselves against Chiang's in five bloody campaigns during which he developed guerrilla tactics. His columns were trained to strike swiftly and retire swiftly. This strategy worked until Chiang massed such tremendous forces that the Communists had to resort to the Long March to escape.

During his South China sojourn, Mao came into conflict with a fellow Hunanese named Li Li-san who dominated the party outside the Soviet area. Li argued for extremism and for grand assaults on major cities. Mao, who called for the gradual consolidation of Communist gains, was vindicated by the Comintern, and forced Li's removal from the Politburo.

Shortly after the few thousand remnants of the Communists' South China Soviets reached Shensi, Mao settled down with the government in Yenan. This city, built largely of caves in loess hillsides, became famous as the Communists' center of resistance against Japan. After V-J Day, Nationalists and Communists raced to take over the important coastal cities and adjoining regions. With US planes and ships to carry them, Chiang's troops got there first. Mao called for a coalition government, and General Marshall came to try to implement one. But mediation broke down and the two factions returned to open war.

Mao for 20 years has devoted himself to winning the revolution. He is 55 years old, lean, about average height for a Chinese, and wears baggy trousers and a coat without insignia. He is straightforward, plain-spoken and laughs a lot.

Visitors to Yenan often saw him walking hatless down the dusty streets talking and gesticulating with peasants. Like Stalin, he works far into the night—and sees visitors then. A chain smoker, he experimented with wild leaves as tobacco during the Long March. For relaxation, he writes classical Chinese poetry.

Mao's political credo was stated in 1945 in his *On Coalition Government*. Its basis is Marxist: "Our future, or ultimate, program will advance China into the realm of socialism and communism; this has been settled and cannot be doubted. . . . [It is] our highest ideal." However, that is for

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the distant future, Mao says. For the present China must build the "new democracy" on a peasant-bourgeoisie-proletariat base.

Mao's main principles are these:

Democratic centralization. "Centralization of power based on democracy, and at the same time . . . democracy directed by centralized power." Villagers elect their representatives, these in turn elect a county council; county council members choose provincial legislators, and on up the scale. Various "races" in China—such as Han, Mongol and Tibetan—should "form a union of democratic republics." "A peculiar form" of government will develop which is "entirely necessary and rational to us and different from the Russian system."

Economy. "China's present economy should be managed partly by the state, partly by private concerns, and partly by coöperatives." To raise China from an agricultural to an industrial nation, practical steps should be taken to build up light and heavy industries "gradually and within a specified number of years." We "will . . . harmonize the relationship between capital and labor." "The proper profits of state, private and coöperative enterprises will be protected," while workers are protected from exploitation.

Foreign investment. Capital "will come chiefly from the accumulated wealth of the Chinese people and in a lesser degree from foreign assistance. We welcome foreign investments if such are beneficial to China's economy and are made in observance of China's laws. [We] can absorb vast amounts."

Land reform. This is basic because, although the proletariat comprises "the most thorough revolutionary democrats," the peasants constitute the vast majority and are the most important force in China. "Land for the tiller," a Sun Yat-sen slogan, is espoused: "Transfer of land from the hands of feudalist exploiters to . . . peasants, so that the peasants may be freed from their feudal relationship with the land, agriculture may be advanced from its old backwardness to the modern level, and industry may be furnished with a market." Land reform stimulates "peasants' interest in production," coöperatives "develop their productive power."

Education. "To wipe out illiteracy from 80 percent of the nation's population is a necessary condition to building up a new China." Meanwhile, "we need a large number of educators, teachers, scientists, engineers, technicians, doctors, journalists, writers, artists and general cultural workers who will serve the people and mix with them."

Religion. "All religions are allowed to exist in the liberated areas."

Foreign policy. "Establishment and consolidation of friendly relations with foreign nations on the basis of mutual respect for each other's independence and equal status. . . ."

During the Marshall mediation period neither Nationalists nor Communists would compromise their principles enough to attain a coalition. At the same time, Mao pushed the development of his "new democracy" with more vigor than ever. In the Communist area, many landlords were dispossessed and some murdered. Many of those judged to be capitalists were killed or driven away. Intellectuals who failed to hew to the party line were persecuted. Catholic priests were stoned to death and a few Protestant missionaries were killed.

The "line" changed after a speech by Mao in December, 1947. He said that "only feudalism and monopoly capitalism" should be eliminated. There was a noticeable softening. Apparently Mao had found that the movement was losing too many Chinese whose brains and ability were needed. Some land distribution continues, but in many places land reform has been modified to reduction of rents, interest and taxes.

Internationally, Mao has lined himself squarely with the Cominform. He condemned Tito along with the European satellites. He cabled condolences to Italy's Togliatti after the attempted assassination. In an article for a Cominform publication Mao wrote: "American imperialism and its running dogs replaced Fascist Germany, Italy and Japan. Hence, all revolutionary forces must unite . . . [and] organize an anti-imperialist front headed by the Soviet Union."

Mao has good reason to criticize the US, which has provided his enemies with several billion dollars in aid. American-made planes have dropped American-made bombs on his people. Nevertheless, many observers do not believe Mao is sold on Russia as solidly as his words betoken. Mao's anti-American propaganda is blatant, they say, at least partially because nothing is better for morale than to attack an outsider. Mao has spoken fondly of Russia, because Moscow is morally with him. Moreover, fear of Russian reprisal may have kept the US from giving even greater support to the Nationalists.

But the factors which led to the Cominform's renunciation of Tito also exist here. The Chinese are ardent nationalists. Historically, they distrust Russia. Mao himself got his start in South China not because of, but in spite of, Moscow. So far as is known, he has never been to Russia. And his "communization" has been far more moderate than Stalin's. In this respect Mao out-Titos Tito. Mao's brand of communism has grown indigenously, through trial and error.

Li Li-san's return to China (he came with the Russian troops to Manchuria in 1945) probably irritated Mao immensely. Li, his old enemy, and a thoroughgoing internationalist, is now a power in China's Northeast. Though there is no evidence of an open split between Mao and Li, one is conceivable. And other breaks might occur: generals who have spent years at the front, for example, might want important political posts.

Officially, Mao probably will remain behind the scenes of the new government—possibly sticking only to party jobs. But his rulings on important matters will undoubtedly determine the government's policy.

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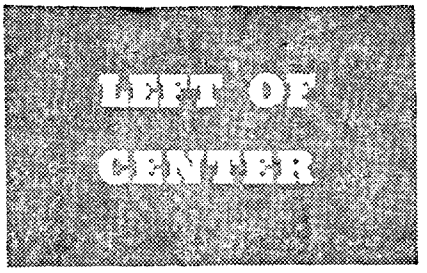

FARMER-LABOR UNITY is a theme running through many conferences held and scheduled to be held since the election in November. The Americans for Democratic Action is calling a meeting for February 26-27 in Chicago where leaders of the AFL, the CIO and the Railroad Brotherhoods will confer with more than a dozen farm leaders, among whom are: Murray D. Lincoln, guiding spirit of the Ohio Farm Bureau; Clark Brody, executive secretary of the Michigan Farm Bureau; Morton Tompkins, Master of the Oregon Grange; Arthur H. Packard, president of the Vermont Farm Bureau; John H. Davis, executive secretary of the National Council of Farmer Coöperatives; and Fred Henkel, president of the Missouri Farmers' Association.

Rural-electrification coöperatives, at their seventh annual convention in New York City, were greeted by William Green, AFL, and Philip Murray, CIO. The big story of the convention was the announcement that the Wisconsin Electric Coöperative will buy and distribute to 900 rural-electrification coöperatives throughout the United States enough aluminum conductor to string high-line wire to almost half of the nation's unelectrified farms.

On the West Coast Jack Goldberger, president of the San Francisco Labor Council and president of the San Francisco Union Labor Party, called for closer farmer-labor coöperation.

The Ohio State CIO Council has invited farm organizations to join in setting up farmer-labor councils on a county level. The program was presented by Associate Educational Director George Guernsey, National CIO, at a meeting of Ohio's farm representatives at Columbus. In Vermont, farmer-labor councils are already being established.

Labor education is expanding in a political direction. John Connors, director of the Workers' Education Bureau, AFL, announced the opening of regional offices in the Midwest, West and South to increase educational work in collaboration with Labor's League for Political Education. To popularize union classes the Workers' Education Bureau will concentrate on the use of films, film strips, film libraries. In Philadelphia, AFL and CIO leaders have formed the Labor Education Association to conduct educational activities for rank-and-file workers. Among those attending a recent meeting to found the organization were Cecil Bragg, president of the Philadelphia CIO Council; Joseph P. Kline, vice-president of the Philadelphia local of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers; Alexander McKeown, president of the hosiery workers and of the Labor Education Association; Albert Sabin, president of the Philadelphia Central Labor Union; John Backhus, president of the Philadelphia local of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters (AFL); and William M. Leader, president of the Philadelphia local of the hosiery workers.

Tom Tippett, who created quite a stir several years ago with his books on Southern labor, is heading the educational department of the International Association of Machinists.

The weekly labor publication announced at the recent AFL Executive Council will not be issued by the AFL. It will be put out by Labor's League for Political Education, the AFL's political parallel. The paper will not be directed to the whole membership of the Federation, but will go to some 50,000 key people.

Both AFL and CIO are centering their 1949 attack on municipal and state legislatures. "CIO-PAC intends to devote considerable time—and money too—on political campaigns that are not national in scope," says Allan Swim, editor of the *CIO News*. "The lives of Americans are affected about as much by city ordinances and state laws as by acts of Congress." Joseph Keenan, director of Labor's League for Political Education, formulated plans in Miami to repeal the "little Taft-Hartley Acts." He declared that Delaware will be one of the first targets. "Of all the state laws against organized labor, Delaware's is the worst," Keenan said. "It has more repressive provisions against labor than even the federal T-H Act."

The United World Federalists is probably the most rapidly expanding voluntary-membership organization in the country. During the last year it more than trebled its membership and more than doubled its chapters.

A new idea in trade-union service is the plan of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen to assist members by a low-rate financing scheme to purchase automobiles.

The International Brotherhood of Teamsters has engaged Senator Burton K. Wheeler to represent the union at hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission to force tighter regulation of the trucking industry. Wheeler wrote the Motor Carriers Regulation Act and the present Transportation Act when he was chairman of the ICC.

Four organizations—the NAM, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the AFL and the CIO—were eager to thank Dwight Cooke for his coöperation in the radio program, "Cross-Section USA." No one organization was willing to sign its name on the letterhead of another organization. So they sent the note on a plain piece of paper. Which recalls a letter received recently by CIO headquarters from the librarian of the School of Commerce, McGill University, Montreal, addressed to "National Association of Manufacturers, legal bureau, CIO, Jackson Place, Washington, D. C., RE: American Federation of Labor."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE DISCOVERY OF GOETHE

by Alfred Werner

WHY IS Johann Wolfgang Goethe, the Germans' *Dichterfürst,* Prince of Poets, not nearly so popular among the English-speaking peoples as Shakespeare is in Central Europe? There are few educated Germans or Austrians who have not read, or seen performed, at least one of Shakespeare's plays. Goethe's "Faust" has never influenced the Anglo-Saxon culture to the degree that "Hamlet" has become part and parcel of the German. This may be in part because Shakespeare has long been available in the superb German of the poets Schlegel and Tieck, whereas not one of the twenty-four English translations of "Faust" does justice to the original. Nine out of ten educated Americans will admit, unabashed, that they are unfamiliar with this recognized masterpiece. Goethe's plays have never conquered the American stage; of his prose only *The Sorrows of Young Werther* has been carried over to this century, and that because this short novel is an obvious and handy candidate for anthologies of German literature. That Goethe was one of the world's great lyricists may be guessed from the frequency with which composers from Mozart to Mahler have availed themselves of his poems.

If Mark Twain's famous definition of a classic as something everybody wants to have read but nobody wants to read is correct, then Goethe's works are certainly not classics in this country. Until now he has shared here with Dante the unhappy position of being considered great but unreadable. Undaunted American Goethe fans—and there are some—expect improvements, pinning their hope on the forthcoming large-scale celebrations, commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. He may, for a couple of weeks, force Kafka and Koestler into the background, but will his be a lasting triumph?

Americans with long memories may recall the literary shindigs of 1932, when the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death was commemorated here. They may also remember how the once great Gerhart Hauptmann, dragged to this country to deliver an oration at Columbia University, looked so strikingly like the Olympian of Weimar that the audience lost itself in marveling at the fascinating similarity. As for the volumes on Goethe published then, they repose in the dust of the library stacks. The meager results of those efforts seem to prove right the outspoken critic who shrilly interrupted the celebration by declaring that there was no real justification for excavating "the greatest source of non-usable 'wisdom' the Western world has produced in the last few centuries."

Yet it is significant that this country's Goethe festivals are increasing in scope as the decades pass, even while the public's interest in Goethe, small to begin with, has diminished (most American editions of Goethe are scores of years old, as are the USA's Goethe monuments and Goethe streets). Is it a feeling of guilt that prompts American educators to try again and again? The USA, with its Puritan traditions, has not treated Goethe fairly. American intellectuals have harbored ambivalent feelings toward the poet since the days when George Bancroft, after returning from a pilgrimage to Weimar, published his important essay on "The Life and Genius of Goethe" (the *North American Review;* 1824).

Bancroft, and a host of others, unable to resist Goethe's genius, at the same time abhorred his alleged "immorality." They claimed that his novel, *The Elective Affinities,* in which the author superbly portrayed pure love in tragic antagonism with the moralistic code of society, could never find many adherents here: respect for marriage was too deep in America to tolerate such loose views. Goethe simply knew better than they the dangers lurking in the labyrinth of the human heart; but while he acknowledged man's passions, he argued that they must be controlled. Perhaps the New England wrath was directed more at Goethe's person than at his writing; he lived for many years in common-law marriage with Christiane Vulpius before bothering to legalize the union.

Indeed, Longfellow objected to Goethe's character even while he was preparing some of the finest translations of the German's poetry. It took the rigorist Emerson a long time to succumb to Goethe's greatness, after having heaped abuse on him for many

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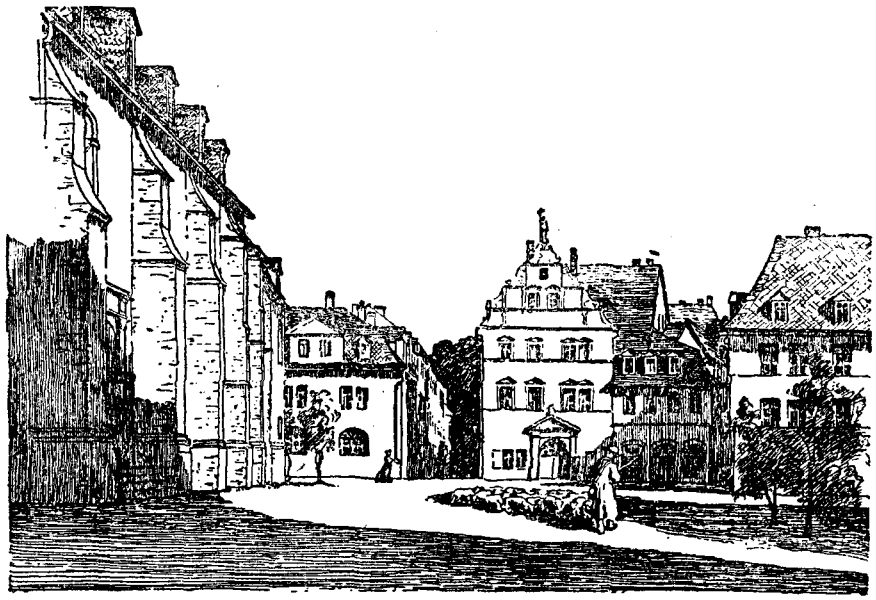

PRINTS FROM THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

GOETHE'S HOUSE IN WEIMAR

years. In complete reversal of his original stand, he finally praised him as one of mankind's six "Representative Men," but he had little use for what others consider Goethe's lasting contribution to world literature, his powerful and spontaneous lyric poetry. Dismissing the young, fierce, explosive Goethe, Emerson extolled the wise old gentleman, the reconciler and compromiser, seeking and finding peace in Nature while walking a half-mile in Weimar's suburbs.

But what about Emerson's grandchildren, or great-grandchildren? No longer fettered by his traditions, they lack his knowledge. This generation has to discover Goethe afresh, as it has discovered Kierkegaard and Stendhal. It does not have to accept Goethe bag and baggage, it is free to choose only what has still some appeal to our era. We are not in Germany, where classical writers must at all costs be upheld *in toto,* even when the price is boredom, and where those who most loudly acclaimed *"unser Goethe"* strayed the farthest from the example of his cosmopolitanism and humanitarian spirit.

Not even fanatics should claim that whatever Goethe has written has stood the test of time. "A universally recognized talent may make of its capacities some use which is problematical," he once wrote about Shakespeare. "Not everything which the great do is done in the best fashion. . . . It behooves us . . . to explain the conditions to which he had to accommodate himself, but not therefore to extol these conditions as either admirable or worthy of imitation." Moreover, there have been few geniuses as prolific, as versatile as Goethe; about him could be said what has been said of King Solomon: "He spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes; also he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five." Goethe's works include many treatises on anatomy, botany, meteorology, mineralogy, physics, zoölogy, and what not, interesting to scholars only. The great nineteenth-century "Weimar Edition," definitive for all critical purposes, comprises 150-odd volumes, containing everything that came from Goethe's pen, even the ink blots. The most recent "Gedenkausgabe," or Memorial Edition, now being published by Artemis-Verlag, Zurich, has 24 volumes, each of some 900 pages.

The forthcoming modern English edition, issued by the University of Chicago Press under the auspices of the Goethe Bicentennial Foundation, is wisely limited to ten volumes. Nevertheless, more people are likely to avail themselves of the handy one-volume *Permanent Goethe,* published last year by Dial Press and containing what Thomas Mann considers the Weimar poet's best. By the way, Mann's introduction is in itself a masterpiece of understanding and precision. Goethe, declares the Nobel Prize-winner, was a man full of contradictions: a pagan who was also deeply religious; a crass egotist who nevertheless felt hearty affection for the individual human being; a Tory who, asked by German princes to lend his pen to the fight against "anarchy," boldly declared that it was "impossible to unite princes and writers in a common cause."

This year we will have no fewer than six volumes on Goethe, including *A Commentary on* "Faust," by D. J. Enright (New Directions). Regnery will publish *Goethe's Utopia,* by Arnold Bergstrasser, a volume that tries to show us his "image of society and man," the scope and unity of his thought, and the ties linking this contemporary of Thomas Jefferson to our generation, so anxious to discover a better order of society. Then there will be Albert Schweitzer's homage to his idol, *Goethe: Four Studies* (Beacon Press). More valuable for the general public will be the forthcoming survey volumes. *Goethe's World,* edited for New Directions by Berthold Biermann, is a compilation of letters and conversations between Goethe and his friends, plus excerpts from the poet's own autobiographical writings; *Goethe: Wisdom and Experience* (Pantheon Books) is the work of Ludwig Curtius and Hermann J. Weigand, who have chosen valid passages dealing with the master's views on religion, nature, philosophy, society, morals, art, etc.

While this book will be arranged according to topics, Ludwig Lewisohn, in his two-volume *Goethe: The Story of a Man* (Farrar, Straus), will present the story of the Weimarian as told through the letters and diaries of the poet and his friends.

It is good that Lewisohn's work will also contain many of his own English renderings of Goethe's poems, includ-

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ing lyrics that have never before appeared in English, for it is as a lyrical poet that Goethe belongs to us as to all ages. Dozens of gifted translators, from Sir Walter Scott to Stephen Spender, have tried to approximate Goethe's form so that rhyme and accent would fall upon the listener's ear in the cadences of the original. Longfellow succeeded in that task to a considerable degree when he rendered *"Wandrers Nachtlied,"* considered one of the most flawless lyrics of world literature:

O'er all the hilltops
Is quiet now,
In all the treetops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees;
Wait; soon like these
Thou shalt rest.

And yet the original and the translation bear the same relation to each other as an oil painting and a print....

Can we expect, in the near future, a translation of "Faust," Parts I and II, esthetically more pleasing and intrinsically more faithful to the original than we have had so far? For this huge dramatic poem, mirroring man's eternal striving, failure and redemption, belongs to the great works of world literature, together with Adam Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz* and Henrik Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." Soon we shall have several volumes containing the gist of Goethe's autobiographical outpourings. They ought to find many readers, for in his reminiscences, notably in *Poetry and Truth,* Goethe revealed mankind's eternal verities behind the shifting phenomena of his own life. This summer, New Directions will issue Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann.* It might have been more useful to offer a volume including the master's conversations not only with the mediocre and inhibited little Eckermann but with more adequate contemporaries as well.

"Goethe may have been a great genius, but didn't he hold reactionary views that can hardly be stomached in this century?" somebody may interject. Well, Goethe, the son of a patrician, and raised to nobility himself, adhered to many of the opinions held by his class in the pre-revolutionary era, just as Dante could not help being an ideological prisoner of the Middle Ages. Still, this aristocrat managed to understand the importance of the French Revolution, even though he abhorred the brutalities accompanying the change, and this *Fürstenknecht,* this servant of princes (who was not always happy with his job as a minister in a little German duchy), was also an admirer of the nascent American republic, its literature and politics. "If we were just twenty years younger we might yet be tempted to go to America," the septuagenarian confessed to a friend in 1819. The Nazis, unable to dispense with Germany's greatest poet, had a hard time explaining away his humanitarianism and cosmopolitanism, and never felt safe in their attempts to make Hitler's ideas appear to be a "realization and continuation of Goethe's ideas," as one Nazi scribbler brazenly put it. Goethe, this protagonist of *Weltliteratur* (world literature), this foe of national hatred —a Nazi?

Above all, the Nazis were negating, destroying life, whereas Goethe was more strongly, more anti-metaphysically in love with it than any other man: "Howe'er life be, it is good." There was nothing shallow in his optimism, and his activism was as far removed from the soulless drive of the Fascist robot as it was from the self-negation of the Trappist monk. He believed that only by constantly transcending himself can man escape stagnation: "The imperfect is productive," he once remarked, he who, like Edwin Arlington Robinson, was always found drinking to "the splendor of the unfulfilled."

Indeed, Goethe was one of the world's greatest *Lebenskünstler,* or master molders of life, bristling with vitality behind the mask of dignity he sometimes wore. "Had we but small groups of his sayings," Lewisohn asserts, "as we have of certain founders of religion, but scattered *logia,* pronouncements and parables, mankind would still be assured of the presence on earth of an exemplary life, not in the sense of entire virtue, but in the sense of all-inclusiveness, in the sense of that life's being the symbol of all human lives." Hence, of the dozens of men and women of all nations and walks of life who have endeavored to capture him in the capsule of a biography, not one has succeeded in pinning his spirit down to anything. Still, one may venture to say that if this non-Teutonic German belongs in any category of men, it is the class first mentioned by him, in a letter to a friend, only a year before his death:

Now, in my old age, I have learned about a sect of Hypsistarians, who, hemmed in among heathens, Jews, and Christians, declared that they valued, admired and venerated the best and most perfect that came to their knowledge, and since it must be in close relation to the divinity, that they would worship it. That was joyous light coming to me from a dark age, for I felt that I had all my life intended to qualify as a Hypsistarian; but this is no little endeavor; for how does one come, within the limitations of one's individuality, to be aware of that which is most excellent?

Alfred Werner, a native of Vienna, is the author of several volumes of criticism and has contributed studies of German life and letters to Commentary, the Saturday Review of Literature, the New York Times and other publications here and abroad.

ESCAPE FROM STALIN

LAND OF MILK AND HONEY, by W. L. White (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3).

THE BOOKS AND LECTURES of reformed Communists or refugees from the Red Army occupy something of the sensational place in contemporary American life that years ago was taken by lurid tales of ex-priests and escaped nuns in the anti-Catholic propaganda of their day. The two schools of violent revelation have in common a kind of virulence that gives them a curious air of incredibility, however true their stories may have been.

The latest in the current Russian-refugee series is *Land of Milk and Honey,* but because its tale of an ex-Soviet flier is narrated by W. L. White, who mixes a calm tone and literary

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skill with his strong feelings, it is considerably more persuasive than the average of its now familiar type. Unquestionably, two of the most damaging blows at Soviet moral prestige are the failure of the USSR, despite its military achievements and material triumphs, to equip its people for a society of free men, and the desire, even to the death, of so many young Soviet Russians to escape from its monolithic rule. Because White emphasizes those two points in his story of the young fugitive he calls Vasili Kotov, and does so with comparative restraint, what he has to say cannot be coldly dismissed as mere propaganda melodrama. Too many others, who knew only a post-Bolshevik world until their wartime experiences showed them something of outside lands, have tried to flee from the Soviet fatherland for Kotov's case to lack plausibility.

Obviously, there have been many Vasili Kotovs, born of the proper proletarian parentage, brought up amid proper Soviet auspices in schools, Komsomols, factories and army groups who came to feel, as strongly as he did, that the Great Experiment had ended in ruthlessness and tyranny. There is no possible reason to doubt that White's young hero did honestly and intelligently come to the deep conviction that he could no longer bear existence in the Stalin dictatorship and must escape to free America if he were to live in freedom and dignity.

Nevertheless, while accepting the basic facts of the story White tells, one may still wonder if *Land of Milk and Honey* is quite the devastating document he thinks it, and whether its argument is quite as convincingly objective as he clearly hoped to make it. It is even possible to read the book and find lessons in it that are not entirely those intended.

When, for example, White presents Kotov's chilling indictment of a police state's suppression of freedom, tolerance and honest difference of opinion, it is unquestionably a powerful criticism of present-day Russia and her moral failure. Yet it is conceivable that an American reader, and not necessarily one of those pro-Soviet dupes whom the author so scorns, remembering the Russian lack of a civil-liberties tradition, will recall that our country, where the heritage of democratic freedom is so old, sometimes experiences considerable difficulty in making that heritage function in practice. There is no denying that the Russian sin in this respect is infinitely greater than ours, but we have even less justification for our failures. Perhaps such a reader will be a little less jubilant than the author in his blithe assumption of moral superiority.

That, however, is not the important point about the book's lack of objectivity and White's determination to see no good in the Soviet world. Where his violent partisanship is most disturbing to one who shares his unhappiness over Russian totalitarianism is in his attitude toward the Soviet Union at war. It is, I believe, generally accepted by those not sharing the bigotry of the Hearst press that, whatever may be said against them before or since, the Russians have a pretty impressive war record. The manner in which the Soviet army, after the opening disasters, came back to inflict paralyzing blows on the Nazis while we were still preparing for our war, is usually seen as magnificent. Stalingrad assuredly represents one of the great glories of Russian arms.

Yet White, instead of being impressed by the later victories, sees the early defeats as proof of the incompetence, inefficiency and lack of fighting spirit inculcated by the blight of Stalinism. When Moscow seemed on the verge of falling to the Germans, his Kotov says, the people rejoiced at the expected liberation and celebrated by turning on the few Communists left among them, after the Soviet chieftains had fled. Things flourished, as they hadn't since the fine old days of Lenin's New Economic Policy, in the parts of Russia that were occupied by the German liberators. If Hitler had just followed up the policies of the good Marshal Keitel, the whole country would have risen against Stalin. As for the epic of Stalingrad, all the book has to say of it is that "early in 1943, the Germans let go of Stalingrad and fell back." Just how they let go of it is perhaps better indicated by the German Theodor Plievier in his novel about the destruction of the besieging Nazi hordes.

Such obvious bias does not add to the credibility of *Land of Milk and Honey*. There are other minor matters that injure its persuasiveness. Too many of the Russians Kotov introduces indulge in harangues that sound more like the usual anti-Soviet editorials than recognizable human talk. And Galya, the tale's beautiful heroine, the lovely girl turned prostitute and spy by NKVD villainy, no doubt existed, but she sounds suspiciously like one of those golden-hearted ladies of the evening found in sentimental melodramas.

Finally, White cannot resist the temptation from time to time of depicting Roosevelt as a foolish tool of the wily Stalin. The author isn't always a help to the Russian refugee's tale.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

THE CLASSIC INFLUENCE

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JOHN PEALE BISHOP. Edited, and with a Personal Memoir, by Allen Tate (Scribners; $4).

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF JOHN PEALE BISHOP. Edited, and with an Introduction, by Edmund Wilson (Scribners; $4.50).

EDMUND WILSON and Allen Tate, and the publishers, have done American literature a genuine service in bringing together in these two admirably edited volumes the best prose and verse of John Peale Bishop. For Bishop belonged to a genus that is as rare as it is precious in this country—he was the authentic amateur of letters. This is meant in no pejorative sense: it is the comparative absence of this kind of contribution to American literature, or the American literary scene, that enables the forces of barbarism to reemerge from one generation to another, and keeps us—from a European viewpoint—uncivilized.

Bishop, like his more gifted pred-

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ecessor and prototype, Trumbull Stickney, was aware of this want in the scene, and aware also of the need in himself. He endeavored to make up for the deficiencies in the scene, so deplored earlier still by Henry James, by residence in France, by training in the classics and the deepening of his historical sense, and by a lifelong and severe discipline in technique. What he brought to this training and this discipline was not, I think, a truly outstanding talent—he had not the merely linguistic finality that Stickney began to achieve before his early death —but if it was a minor talent it was a real one, and he did not neglect it. It might even be argued, perhaps, that a *little* more neglect would have been a good thing.

For as one reads the poems in chronological order, beginning with those of Bishop's Princeton days and just after, one discovers a curious fact: in the early poems there is a quite surprising inventive and prosodic vigor, and not only this, but clear, if faint, indications of that elusive essential, *poetic character*. What became of it? It looks very much as if the tadpole lost his tail to get his legs. Excellent as much of the later poetry is, even to the point of brilliance on occasion, it is a poetry without personal aroma or idiom, or, when now and then it *has* character or idiom, these seem oddly to have a sort of vintage mark on them, as of Pound 1922, or Eliot 1918. One begins therefore to suspect that the education, for so tender a talent, was too prolonged, too diverse and too severe. The classic file ended by filing away too much. The studious and ingenious search for a kind of classic amalgam of style (and let it be said emphatically in passing that here Bishop's taste was often extremely fine) found, not a style, but a virtuosity in styles, a kind of Alexandrianism. The poet, in the process of becoming accomplished, had somehow lost his private view.

Well, that has happened before to good poets, and will happen again no doubt, and we know that it is not necessarily fatal. The *Zeitgeist* can perform the oddest of chemical miracles in such matters as literary fashion and literary judgment; and it is entirely arguable that a later generation will not only admire, as we do, the accomplishment and variety of the best of Bishop's verse, but may actually discover in it a flavor—as of fashion not *quite* fashion—which we, too conditioned by the fashions, must inevitably miss. If so, it would be the best of poetic justice, for, in the essays and reviews which Wilson has brought together to make a surprisingly substantial and impressive volume, it becomes even clearer than in the poetry that something like this would be precisely what Bishop would have wanted.

Impressive, not only for sheer quantity, but for range as well—by no means a one-windowed ivory tower, Bishop's lookout was that of a many-sided and extremely human humanist, admirably perceptive and intelligent; and, if not often profound (perhaps he is weakest on the psychological side, and its effect culturally and socially), he is always individual and interesting, and often subtle. He is as good as anybody on Thomas Wolfe and Hemingway; better than most on Gertrude Stein (and very funny too); excellent on E. E. Cummings, Joyce and Pound. But whether in these essays, or in the many good reviews of poetry, or in the delightful autobiographical flashbacks, or the informed and informative pages on Manet and Picasso, he is always, as at last explicitly in the essay called "The Discipline of Poetry," aiming consciously and persuasively at just one thing: the attainment of the classic balance, the classic attitude, in the trained awareness and judgment and "working" of tradition, whether esthetic or social.

To have attempted this at all in this country at this time was, or *should* have been, useful in the extreme; nothing could be more needed. And even if one now and then finds the prose somewhat irritating—it tends to rattle, and to be a little shapeless—one accepts this book with deep gratitude, and with a sense of great loss, and regret that it could not have been published in Bishop's lifetime. Let us hope that it may become the treasured *vade mecum* of every young writer and painter in this "barbarous" country.

CONRAD AIKEN

BECOMING MODESTY

19 STORIES, by Graham Greene (The Viking Press; $2.75).

THIS VOLUME of short stories is prefixed by a disclaimer from the author: "I am only too conscious of the defects of these stories. . . . The short story is an exacting form which I have never properly practiced: I present these tales merely as the by-products of a novelist's career." Nevertheless, they emphasize (if often by exaggeration) certain weaknesses in Graham Greene's writing; and since they were written over the span of his career, offer an opportunity to investigate those weaknesses.

That career itself enjoys a prestige as a kind of professional writer's ideal: Greene has been successful as a popular story-teller (he calls his pot-boilers "entertainments") whose tales have been adapted frequently as films. At the same time, he has made claims to a higher seriousness and he is credited (particularly in *The Power and the Glory* and the recent *The Heart of the Matter*) as a writer of spiritual profundity. This accrues to him, in part, as a Catholic novelist; he uses familiarly the vocabulary and concepts of a Christian psychology. But I cannot understand how he can be taken as anything more important than a skilled professional entertainer who manipulates a fashionable "sense of sin" for its thrill effects.

This occupation is fully compatible (congenial is perhaps the word) with a morbid romanticism in Greene's work. It is a romanticism reminiscent of the Gothic Romance, with the difference that the horrors, instead of contraptions and spooks, are the Deadly Sins, "the enormities of Free Will." I hope it is unnecessary to point out that what is here objected to is the horrific vocabulary which seems to exploit evil for its own sake and to create an emotional atmosphere which

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tends to shroud and protect the disease instead of exposing and analyzing it.

Atmosphere, in fact, is Greene's forte; the atmosphere of the underworld of modern cosmopolitanism. His stock in trade includes crime, violence, mysterious journeys, casual relationships, "the extraordinary coincidences that beset our path like the traps set for leopards in the jungle." The tone is occasionally as quixotic as *The New Arabian Nights,* but for the most part this is a sordid, crude world peopled by dishonest, drab, and ugly customers. "Warts and boils and eruptions" are standard features; a "thin, pale, hungry-looking man of early middle age" is an unmistakable Greene character. Then this monotonous scene is made exotic by lurid implications of universal guilt ("the corruption, even of children"). The sinister and unspeakable is suggested (or insisted upon) by the vocabulary. A quiet, informal narrative prose is studded with shock-words like the following: despair, hysteria, squalid, vices, sly, nauseating, terrible, etc.

These melodramatics are the expression of a tough-sentimental sensibility. It's all so sad, so hopeless, so irretrievably nasty. Sympathy with a character is indistinguishable from pity. Pathetic is the word for Greene's people. They are always the *victims* of their situations ("That was what happened when you loved; you got involved"). As the classic instance of life's little ironies, one recalls the phonograph record at the end of *Brighton Rock* by which the hoodlum hero shouts abuse at his young wife from beyond the grave.

Sex especially comes in as a source and focal point of the whole rotten mess. "He bore, as his only sentiment, the memory of ugly deeds committed on park chairs," because "you needed money for love. All that a poor man could get was lust." The irony goes soft there because of the forced connection between cause and consequence. In another story a man finds a scrap of paper on which, as a child in the innocence of first love, he had scrawled an unconscious sexual symbol. "I didn't recognize it; it might have been drawn by a dirty-minded stranger on a lavatory wall. . . . I had believed I was drawing something with a meaning unique and beautiful; it was only now after thirty years of life that the picture seemed obscene." Hell lies about us in our infancy, and the child instinctively appropriated the symbol which spoke its obscene message to the adult, by now inevitably soiled by life.

These comments should be qualified at least by noting that in *The Power and the Glory* and *The Heart of the Matter* the explicit theological doctrine is more intimately related to the psychology of the characters and the development of the stories. Also, it has been noted with what modesty the author presents these stories, but then it is hard to imagine what service he thought they would do his reputation.

JOHN FARRELLY

ON THE AIR: Wreathed in Smiles

FROM 10 AT NIGHT until 11, CBS was broadcasting "Mind in the Shadow," a radio documentary about mental illness. From 10:15 to 10:45, the same evening, NBC television was producing its first classic opera in English, the fourth act of "La Bohème." I opened and closed the hour at CBS, sandwiching in NBC-TV.

A later playback of the CBS show, complete, confirmed the opera-influenced impressions made by the partial hearing. "Mind in the Shadow" is one of the best productions of the kind yet attempted by radio. The principal credit belongs to Werner Michel, head of the network's documentary unit, who produced and directed "Mind," and to the writer, Arnold Perl.

Michel and Perl tackled a subject that has recently been publicized in newspaper and magazine articles, fiction and the movies. Most people know by now that many state mental hospitals are institutions of horror, that preventive work in the field of mental hygiene is shamefully inadequate, that people who are emotionally sick are too often the victims of ignorance and indifference. However, even if the subject matter itself was no more risky than a sermon against sin, Perl's manner of telling the story and Michel's method of projecting it added freshness and urgency to the message.

The theme demanded precise statement, warm enough to hold the listener without tripping over the hysterical impedimenta inherent in the material. Perl maintained the right balance because he is one of the firmest, most mature writers in the documentary field. Michel proved himself the skillful conductor of a demanding score. Eddie Albert, the star, sometimes tumbled briefly into an emotional key so tense it verged on melodrama. But he recovered each time just this side of frenzy. Maybe Michel had thrown him a sedative cue.

I wish, also, that Perl had not had to use a "gimmick," a story line that went over smoothly enough but added an artificial pathos to an otherwise clean-cut presentation.

It is a pity that the work of so many months by a group of fine craftsmen must be thrown away when a radio production has run its allotted time. One can only hope that television, where the production costs are so much greater than in radio, may help cure broadcasters of their prejudice against repeat performances of works deserving regular revival. Television can "record" a program, just as radio does, and NBC should show its "Bohème" recording many times.

For once, television gave opera as it should be done to an audience outside the traditional Metropolitan framework. Evelyn Case, who played Mimi, and Glenn Burris, as Rudolph, not only sang well enough to please a layman; they, like the rest of the cast, were young, good actors, who looked their parts and seasoned the perform-

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ance with an almost contemporaneous flavor. They sang in English, which is certainly essential for opera on the air, though it is undoubtedly true that some recitatives sound banal if you understand them too well. But the French, Italians and Germans have been putting up with their native tongues for years, so perhaps we can condition ourselves to the sentiments as well as the sounds of good opera. The musical and dramatic talents responsible for this fine excerpt from "La Bohème", are Samuel Chotzinoff, NBC music chief; Charles Polacheck, who staged the performance; Dr. Herman Adler, who conducted; and video director Roger Muir.

WNYC is now putting on its tenth annual American Music Festival, an event that opened on Lincoln's Birthday and runs until Washington's Birthday. Dr. Seymour N. Siegel, director of the station, has scheduled 18 public concerts and more than 150 studio broadcasts which will include everything from boogy-woogy to chamber music. A hundred new works will receive their first performances; the roster of composers includes Walter Piston, George Kleinsinger, Aaron Copland, Marc Blitzstein, Randall Thompson and Roy Harris. This is a big undertaking for a local radio outlet, but then WNYC is unusual in many respects. For one thing, its manager holds degrees in economics and music as well as a federal license in radio-transmission engineering.

Another local station in New York, WLIB, which even a powerful set has difficulty bringing in clearly, is doing what it can to reverse a network trend. In the last three years, a number of progressive radio commentators have been gagged. They have either been put off the air or forced into taking assignments as sportcasters or readers of straight commercials. Two of the most forthright of these were William S. Gailmor and Johannes Steel. Now WLIB is using Gailmor on the air. He broadcasts twice within two hours (two and four) Sunday afternoons. On his first appearance, a clothier and a baker share sponsorship. But the real surprise comes on the second round when the Gailmor commentary is sponsored by Steel, now publisher of a monthly political report.

For those who are grateful that radio and television criticism have expanded in the last two years, there was special sorrow in the passing of the New York *Star*. As *PM*, it had pioneered in serious radio criticism under the guidance of John T. McManus, Jerry Franken and Seymour Peck. The new management continued its solid radio-television coverage, giving the assignment to a promising new man, John Horn, and allotting weekly space which often touched on broadcasting to John Houseman. Both Horn and Houseman lost their outlets, of course. And, on top of that blow, radio-television criticism was given an even worse setback when the New York *Post-Home News* suddenly dropped Paul Denis' daily column.

Denis was the mainspring behind the formation of the Radio-Television Critics Circle and acknowledged nationally as one of the few cogent practitioners in a too narrow field. It seems odd that a newspaper-owner who also operates three radio stations (Mrs. Dorothy S. Thackrey is president of WLIB, New York; KYA, San Francisco; and KLAC, Hollywood) should have found the radio page most expendable when an economy wave hit the paper. But perhaps it's not so strange. Professional air criticism can flourish only if the listeners want it badly enough. SAUL CARSON

THEATRE: Lorca, Shakespeare and West

THREE PLAYS opened early last week: Lorca's "Blood Wedding" (New Stages), Shakespeare's "Richard III" (Booth) and "Diamond Lil" (Coronet). I am not being frivolous when I say that the only genuine theatre among the three productions is to be found in the Mae West revival.

Lorca's "Blood Wedding" is a beautiful play, and perhaps we should thank New Stages for presenting it, though it is sad that the only people who do such plays in our theatre are those unequipped for the task.

Lorca's drama is culturally so remote from us that I sometimes wonder whether any American company can make itself an instrument for his particular music. Profundity, in Lorca, is simple, and passion is so mingled with pride that its blaze bursts forth in a searing white or an imperious black. The peasants of his tragedies, dwelling entirely within their ritual of folk customs and religion, take on the quality of priestly aristocrats. They live close to a harsh earth, but their thought is intertwined with the values of an intellectual church hierarchy. Despite talk of vineyards, hemp and wheat, we feel as though locked within some strange chapel in which freedom exists only through formalism. Moral concepts are both earthbound and godly; there is much concern with worldly goods, position, money—as if they too were somehow of the spirit and the law. There are drinking, dancing, love making and violence; yet all seem bound in a devout and rigid pattern.

No wonder Lorca, whose style is both severely realistic and exultantly poetic, is a challenge that can barely be met by any company of non-Latin breeding. The New Stages group might well have expressed their evident devotion to him by recruiting a few players for the occasion. Though Ralph Alswang's set is a sensitive attempt to solve some of the play's scenic problems on a limited budget, though the direction has dignity and several of the actors are visually well cast, the whole effect is like the playing of the subtlest music on a penny whistle.

The new "Richard III" deserves some of the applause usually accorded Margaret Webster's productions. If it is not Shakespeare, it is at least a per-

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formance with a certain amount of youthful brio, a will to be clear, dramatic and effective. This doesn't give the interpretation actual substance, but it makes it something of a show without the stuffiness we get when actors concentrate on their golden voices, their "classically" inspired deportment and the holy burden of the Bard's verse. The present production is not unlike a gangster melodrama with fancy words. As one listens to these words—praise be, one hears a good proportion of them—as one becomes aware of the dramatist's dimension, the actors' impassioned carryings on begin to dwindle until they all become miniatures in pretty costumes.

Yet what has been attempted is nevertheless courageous and sympathetic. Who does Shakespeare nowadays except "name" players with companies rarely more talented than the present one? I like most of the actors in this "Richard." Richard Whorf is typical of them. He is a gifted theatre person, especially able as a character actor: his Christopher Sly in "The Taming of the Shrew" was rich fun. His Richard has energy, a certain wiry force, prosy intelligence and one or two moments of near Shakespearean scope of imagination, as when he seats himself on the throne with a sharply nervous tentativeness and sweep.

Mae West is complete. Her Diamond Lil is a genuine creation, and we need not hesitate, because her art is comically low and her aim mercenary, to treat it seriously. Mae West is a consummate technician: she has high visibility, rhythm, a remarkable mimic sense and great guile in self-display. All this is at the service of an image based on the memory of another epoch (that of Lillian Russell) for which most of us harbor an abiding nostalgia, as if it represented a time of less constriction. Mae West's Diamond Lil is not at all of that era, it is only her model. Her art stems from the taste of the twenties, when, because of prosperity and prohibition, the raffish was glorified as the idol of atheists, and the quasi-obscene was venerated as a tribute to license.

Mae West is worth study, above all, as an expression of our attitude toward sex: in the words of Sophie Tucker, "Gentlemen don't love love, they just like to kick it around." A Mae West is unthinkable in France, where sex is *l'amour* and has a good reputation—on both lower and higher levels.

Brooks Atkinson and others are right in pointing out that "Diamond Lil" has very little sex. That is just the point: Mae West will have no truck with such dirt. She knows the Americans' preoccupation with sex and the embarrassment that covers their fear of it. She gives her public what it wants: a glittering facsimile of what it craves and, through laughter, a means of keeping itself free of what it fears. She horses around with sex so that we can have our cake and not eat it.

With all this Mae West is a true theatre artist: almost every detail of her show—including the vulgar sleaziness of its scenery—is right. Look at the stage when she is delivering her songs: the ensemble is wonderfully chosen to evoke the feeling of the Bowery with all it connotes of drab gayety, a depressed, beat-up glamorousness. It is "The Iceman Cometh" turned to farce. HAROLD CLURMAN

MUSIC: Ljuba Welitsch

ON THE EVENING of February 4, for the first time since the debut of Kirsten Flagstad in 1935, the Metropolitan Opera House echoed with the shouts and whistles of a 15-minute ovation for a new soprano. The demonstration broke out as Ljuba Welitsch sang the last ecstatic phrases of Salome's perverse apostrophe to the head of John the Baptist. In the past 15 years other capable and dynamic sopranos—Rose Pauly, Marjorie Lawrence, Lily Djanel—have sung the title role of the Strauss opera, but none has so instantly and overwhelmingly aroused the enthusiasm of the Metropolitan audience. The occupants of the boxes, who usually dart for their limousines a few minutes before the final curtain, stayed on to applaud. Half the audience in the orchestra stood immovable through the first 10 or 15 curtain calls, and white-haired men in dinner jackets waved their pocket handkerchiefs. The crowd of standees, which has seemed to lose its ebullience in recent years, completely recovered its lung power.

It is impossible to assess all of a new singer's qualities from a single appearance in one of opera's most sensational parts. But Miss Welitsch has three attributes which, in combination, are sure to carry her to success in a good many other roles. She is constantly alive, and gives the impression of intense emotional stress even when she is not in motion; she is intelligent,

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and is therefore able to impose a controlling plan upon her impulsive instincts as an actress; and she has a fine, concentrated voice of full range and adequate volume, with a keen edge that cuts through even the largest mass of orchestral tone, and with an absolutely sure method of production that enables her both to sing a long, sustained melodic line and to leap to climactic high notes with force and daring. If her physical appearance does not fulfil Hollywood requirements, her use of her body is interesting enough, in its plasticity and animal vitality, to deflect attention from questions of conventional beauty.

Although her roles are not the same ones, Miss Welitsch will provide the Metropolitan with a personality more like that of Maria Jeritza than any other artist who has sung there since Jeritza's retirement. She has much the same lithe, athletic quality, and she fills the big stage with the flamboyance of her presence (particularly with her mop of flaming red hair, which she dyed for her Metropolitan debut). Like Jeritza, she is—on the evidence of her Salome—a perceptive and basically honest actress. She does not let her case rest upon mere externals, as Grace Moore, the last of the Metropolitan's great extroverts, so frequently did.

Now 35, Miss Welitsch was born in the small Black Sea port of Bozissowo, in Bulgaria. Though she began to study voice at 14, she continued for several years more to devote her chief energy to the obtaining of a general education, and to study of the violin. Her instrumental training gave her a basic musicianship many singers, even at the top of the operatic ladder, never attain; one of the most impressive features of her performance in "Salome" was the instrumental security and precision with which she negotiated the difficult score. Her two years at the state university in Bulgaria, where she majored in philosophy, may partly account for her intellectual command over her art.

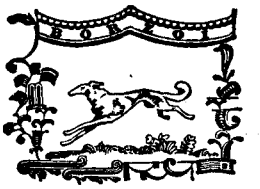
After seven years in smaller opera houses, Miss Welitsch made her debut at the Vienna State Opera in 1943, in Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos." The next year she sang her first Salome there, as well as Aïda, Donna Anna in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and Maddalena in Giordano's French revolutionary thriller, "Andrea Chenier." She still calls Vienna her home, though she is not likely to be there much of the time. In the fall of 1947 she joined the company at Covent Garden in London, where her Aïda (which she was scheduled to introduce to New York too late for comment in this column) was, and still is, considered an altogether remarkable achievement, both in its vocal beauty and in the extent to which she is able to make a lucid and believable character out of one of the most stereotyped operatic heroines.

Radio listeners will hear her voice for the first time when she sings Aïda in the Metropolitan's Saturday-afternoon broadcast on February 19. One British-made recording has already been released here by Columbia (72777-D, $1.25)—the noble recitative and prayer of Agathe, from Weber's "Der Freischütz," sung with splendor and excitement.

The whole performance of "Salome" at the Metropolitan gave proof that the company can still rise to its former heights. Fritz Reiner, one of the masters of operatic conducting, made his first appearance in the Metropolitan's pit, and showed that a great conductor is all the orchestra needs to play with sensitive phrasing, beautiful texture and broad sweep. Herbert Graf, who has not been granted enough rehearsal until this season to show the real importance of his knowledge as an operatic stage director, achieved a production that was both meaningful and sightly. In the radial roles, Kerstin Thorborg as Herodias, Max Lorenz as Herod, Joel Berglund as the Baptist, and Brian Sullivan as Narraboth, all gave performances that were strong and valid in their own right, yet skillfully related to the ensemble.

With this "Salome," and the revival of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" last month, the Metropolitan has begun to recover its artistic standards in a manner that is astounding even its best friends.

CECIL SMITH



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MOVIES: "The Quiet One"

NOTHING PUTS READERS on guard more quickly than a display of critical abandon, and the following remarks on "The Quiet One" are made in the knowledge that above all one must be calm, judicious and as nearly as possible uninvolved. It won't be easy.

"The Quiet One" is the first production of Film Documents, Inc., a company of four people—Janice Loeb, Sidney Meyers, Helen Levitt and William Levitt. On their initial picture these four worked, respectively, as producer, director, writer and associate producer, but their names crop up all over the credits and it is obvious that they functioned as a versatile team. The company engaged Ulysses Kay to compose and direct the music, Richard Bagley to handle the photography and James Agee to write the commentary and dialogue. Seven people, that is, on the creative and technical side of a film that is reported to have cost $30,000.

The story is of a boy from a New York slum who is almost destroyed by his family life and social environment, but who seems, as the picture ends, to be on the road to recovery. Or let us say he has been skillfully mended—recovery seems too optimistic a word in this context. The boy is a Negro, the slum is Harlem, but not much emphasis should be placed here. The picture is not about race problems, nor, except indirectly, about poverty. If you are discussing hurt children, your best assortment of examples is likely to be found in a black ghetto.

The haven to which the boy goes is the Wiltwyck School, an institution not far from Kingston, New York, that, quite literally, takes in boys no one else will have. It is not a refuge for Negro children, though you might think so from the student body. In our society, if you are maladjusted *and* a Negro, you are really unwanted.

As a report on the work of this school, "The Quiet One" should bring renown, and one hopes ample support, to a superb organization. But I prefer not to discuss this picture as a documentary nor to enlarge upon the social enlightenment it provides. I don't want it to be smothered in the "good works" vocabulary of welfare agencies and psychiatric clinics.

The makers of "The Quiet One" have seen beyond the sociological facts of a single family or a particular environment, which is the material of documentation, and have told the persisting story of a child's struggle in the adult jungle, which is the method of art. You will not account for the depth to which you are moved in terms of moral indignation and pity alone. Whoever you are and however you grew up, you have shared this boy's voiceless sorrow. Not just tragedy, but remembered tragedy, is evoked by his toe-scuffing journey through streets of people whose only cruelty is that they are too busy to be aware.

The principal actors in "The Quiet One" are Donald Thompson, aged twelve, and the boys of the school. They are the best child actors I can remember on the screen, and I can remember "Poil de Carotte" and "Generals without Buttons." Perhaps some trickery was used to photograph the group scenes, perhaps the camera was hidden or allowed to run until the needed scenes happened to fall out. But I don't think it was done that way: the sequences, superbly fluid and unposed though they are, have a coherence and a purpose that accident could hardly produce. In any case, there can be no such easy explanation for Donald Thompson's work.

Thompson is not a Wiltwyck boy; he has not himself been through the torments of this story; he is not reliving in any literal sense: he is acting as few people today can act. With almost no words, with his face and his body alone, he transmutes the tragedy of a broken home and an unwanted child into terms of universal understanding. There is no way of account-

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ing for such maturity and technical skill in an untrained child, and we can only marvel at the insight of the direction that guided him.

In justice, one should go in like manner down the list of the cast, but there are too few ways of saying that people are faultless in their work. Sadie Stockton plays the grandmother; Estelle Evans is the mother. They are members of the American Negro Theatre. Clarence Cooper of the Wiltwyck staff appears as David's counselor. The people of Harlem play themselves with the same inspiration that touches the rest of the company.

Nothing in what has been said above, I realize, makes evident the strength and beauty of "The Quiet One." I have not even acknowledged the fine intelligence and taste of Agee's commentary and Bagley's photography. When I have seen the picture again I may turn to it again better able to pin labels to its virtues. But perhaps enough has been done to serve my purpose, which is not to criticize but to praise.

The brace of horse-and-gun romances now showing—"Station West" and "Yellow Sky"—are what the wine trade would call "Western type." They come close to the real thing but wouldn't fool an expert for a moment.

In "Station West," Dick Powell, an Army officer in disguise, has been sent out from Washington to put an end to the frontier practice of murdering soldiers for the gold they are convoying. The assignment is not unlike the little jobs Powell has been doing in more recent times for the Treasury Department and Military Government. His sleuthing methods, always direct, are almost willfully aggressive in "Station West."

Within hours of hitting town he has insulted everyone of consequence in the community, made a killing at the dice table, beaten the local bully to a pulp and made arrogant advances to an obviously dangerous lady (Jane Greer). The town seems a poor one for this kind of extrovert behavior and there is every reason, purely on the grounds of personality, why Powell should not survive the first evening. He lives, though, to clean up a nasty mess at some cost to his own emotions. Burl Ives is present as an ingratiating though pessimistic chorus.

"Yellow Sky," also about gold, concerns the efforts of an old prospector and his granddaughter to preserve their hard-earned nuggets from a gang of Grant's unemployed veterans. It was made, at a guess, by men who admired "Treasure of the Sierra Madre," but it is neither strictly an imitation of the John Huston film nor remotely its equal. For one thing, Richard Widmark is no Humphrey Bogart and James Barton is no Walter Huston, though his beard and chuckle are not dissimilar. For another, the plot involves a wild girl of the hills raised by the Navajos (shoots straighter than a man, by golly), and to the lust for gold is added lust for Anne Baxter.

Gregory Peck, an honest farm boy gone wrong, is around to see that promises are kept and the proprieties observed. He shaves and takes a bath after Miss Baxter rejects him on the ground that he smells just terrible, and blood tells in the end (what's left of it after all the sniping).

Students of the mass libido may be alarmed by the fact that in these two films the heroines are named Charlie and Mike.

"The Bribe" is about how Robert Taylor almost takes one and it's a long, slow story. A government agent on the trail of stolen surplus airplane engines falls so pathetically in love with the lady in the case (Ava Gardner) that he is about to accept the money and shut his mouth. Circumstances beyond his (and the scenario's) control keep him honest, so he is given the girl as a prize for deportment. Villainous Vincent Price is looking thinner; tropical storms are still violent; manhunts are being staged too often against carnival backgrounds; Charles Laughton, who plays a sniveling hanger-on, should again be ashamed of himself. There is one good sequence of tarpon fishing.

ROBERT HATCH

MOTION PICTURE

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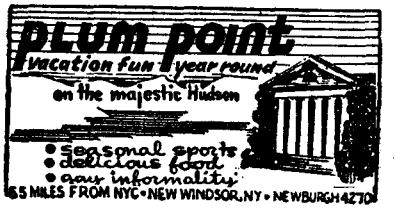
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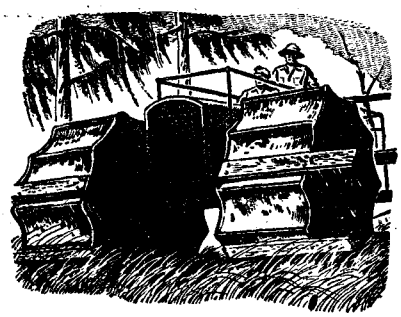

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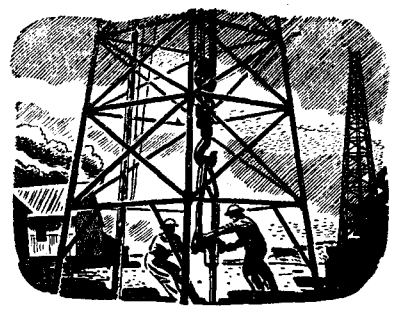

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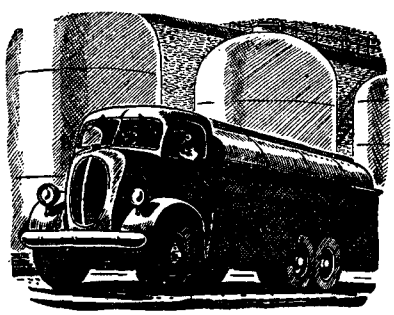

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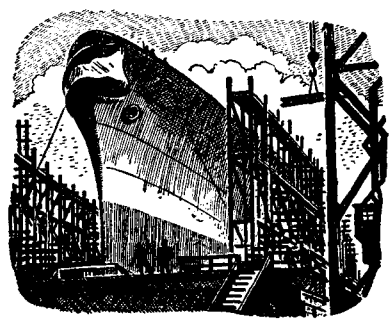

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